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# British Leadership in Europe

By its abrupt tactics last Friday, the French Cabinet delivered Mr. Attlee from an embarrassing situation and provided him with a complete justification for refusing to send British representatives to the Conference on the Schuman Plan. It would be a grave mistake, however, for British Socialists simply to rejoice with Lord Beaverbrook at the failure of the foreigner to lure us out of our island fastnesses. What the to-ings and fro-ings of the last ten days disclose is that the rifts which used to bedevil Britain's relations with France and which seemed under the stress of war to have been closed are now once again wide open. Although the strategic, political and economic arguments for European union are even stronger to-day than when M. Briand first preached the idea, the obstacles have also grown larger as the result of the divergence between the British Welfare State and the "free enterprise" Governments of France, Belgium, Italy, and Western Germany.

The Copenhagen Conference of Comisco made it clear that the conflict is not limited to that between Socialists and "free enterprisers." Within the ranks of European Labour, there are big divisions deriving from the national problems with which each party is faced. By and large, the countries of reformist achievement—Britain and Scandinavia—are complacently dubious about the advantages of pooled sovereignty because they see it as a threat to their own welfare economics. They want to limit Western Union to inter-governmental machinery on the pattern of O.E.E.C. and the Brussels Pact. It is where Social-democracy is weak, as in France and Germany, that the demand for a frontal attack on national sovereignty is loudest. As a result, Britain, the natural leader of democratic Socialism, is accused of dragging its feet and replies, with some heat, that parties which have been singularly ineffective in curbing economic reaction in their own countries are not entitled to demand that their more successful neighbour should hazard all its gains by a sudden and ill-considered pooling of sovereignty.

This altercation is further complicated by conflicting views on the merits of neutrality, Atlantic Union and the Third Force. At Copenhagen, Mr. Morgan Phillips was right to explain that British Socialism is not primarily Marxist but ethical in inspiration; and he was certainly expressing the views of most of the Cabinet when he argued that the average British Socialist has more in common with Commonwealth Labour or the American Fair Deal than he has with Continental Socialism. But are we to infer that this political concept excludes any practical effort to meet the desperate demands of French and German Socialism for British leadership in Europe? Is Mr. Attlee prepared to see the idea of European Union monopolised by an unholy alliance of the Vatican and the heavy industrialists of the Ruhr and the Comité des Forges? Are we so sure that we on our island can afford to maintain our own national sovereignty at the price of a revival of German nationalism, or that we can survive an American slump combined with cut-throat competition between ourselves and our European neighbours? There are questions which French and German Socialists can reasonably ask.

It is clear enough that what can be achieved on the lines of O.E.E.C. organisations is severely limited, and leaves the German problem ominously unsolved. If the Schuman Plan, with its irresponsible and undemocratic Authority, does not offer the right solution, Britain must be prepared to put forward something better.

### Less Cold War?

Signs accumulate that the Western world is looking for some way of arresting the Cold War. As Director-General of the United Nations, Mr. Trygve Lie has taken the proper step of visiting the capital cities of the Big Powers and discussing with them the points on which deadlock has been reached. As a result, he holds out no clear prospect of peace, but suggests that doors are not so firmly slammed as to preclude an attempt to revive the United Nations. He produces the familiar list of subjects on which discussion should be resumed. The Western world, while believing that Russian intransigeance has been very much to blame, knows that, in the case of atomic energy, for instance, the Russians made important concessions of principle which should have enabled discussion to be re-opened, and that it is America's refusal to recognise the actual Government of China which has led to the present breakdown. For obvious diplomatic reasons Mr. Trygve Lie mentions neither of these points, but the implication of his demand that discussion should again begin within the United Nations is that America should agree to China being represented by a spokesman of the Chinese Government rather than a representative of the discredited Formosan rump.

**Belgium Votes Again**

Although the Social Christians failed to poll a majority of the votes in the Belgian election, they have managed to secure just over half the seats in the Senate and House and thus enjoy, for the first time, the power to form a single-party Government: they need no longer rely upon the compromises required by coalition. It was inevitable, therefore, that they should press on with their plan to bring back King Leopold now they have enough votes to repeal the Act of 1945; for that was the only issue in the election.

Is this intention wise? A bare parliamentary majority suffices for most things—even the deposition of a monarch. But is it enough for one party, which cannot even win half the nation's votes, to bring back a King who is unwanted by half the nation? The Socialists have good reason to persist in their opposition to Leopold, for not only did the royalist vote fall by eight per cent from the level of the referendum last March, but the Socialists also gained 330,000 votes over the last elections and won eleven more seats. The division in Belgium has sharpened through these months of constitutional crisis.

There are moderates in the Social Christian Party who are ready to accept the compromise which so nearly carried the day after the referendum, whereby Leopold would return only to hand over his powers to his son, Prince Bauduoin. If they are sensible, they will again urge this course upon the King and his extremist advisers.

**Point Four**

The actual appropriation for the Point Four programme has now, at last, battled its way through Congress. The Senate had fixed the sum at $45 millions for the first year's work, the House at $25 millions, so a seemly bargain was struck and the agreed amount is $35 millions, of which $10 millions are already earmarked under existing commitments to Latin America. Thus $25 millions are left for the "bold new programme" for the whole of the "undeveloped" world. Experts are to help backward countries to work out practical development projects which can eventually be put forward to one of the big banks—the International Bank, or the Import-Export Bank—for loans.

The difficulty is that the Import-Export-loans must be expended in dollar purchases of American capital equipment, and many countries do not wish to do all their buying in this form. International Bank money is not tied in this way, but is lent at the relatively high rate of 4½ per cent, and borrowers are submitted to a most rigid paternalistic control—as the British Colonial Development Corporation found.

**Cyprus and "Enosis"**

Two delegations of Cypriots are in London. One represents the Right in the form of the Greek Church, and the other represents the Left, Communist-led. Both want the same thing—"Enosis," union of the island with Greece, and liberation from British control. Union with Greece would be an economic liability for Cyprus and a political liability for Greece. Cyprus never has been united to Greece; it is merely a contemporary accident that there is a Greek majority in the population. Britain has offered the island a constitution as a preliminary to self-determination and self-government, but the Cypriots have rejected it.

A plebiscite organised by the politically powerful Greek Church supported "Enosis," which emotionally has a big appeal amongst the islanders—except the Turkish-Moslem minority. The Communists, who should be the last to want to involve Cyprus with the present regime in Greece, have adopted the same policy. Their reason presumably is that Cyprus is an advanced military base in the Eastern Mediterranean, and the American State Department is constructing there an enormous radio station and listening post—in the front line of the Cold War—although the Cypriots have not got a proper broadcasting station of their own.

How the Cypriot Communists propose to deny the use of this base to the Western Powers by transferring it to Greece, which is equally the servant of Western strategy, is not quite clear. Possibly their immediate aim is to confuse the issues, and keep public sympathy which they would otherwise lose. Both Greek factions may say with justification that Britain has no real right to this colony; but on the other hand the colony would be materially worse off if the British were not there to nurse it and decidedly worse off if it were attached to Greece. Yet that is the way the Greeks in Cyprus apparently want it.

**Lightermen's Victory**

The lightermen's strike in the Port of London has ended, as it was bound to end, in the reinstatement of the 91 men whose dismissal by the London Dock Labour Board brought it about. Lightermen are key skilled workers, and in short supply, and the dismissals could not possibly have been maintained. Indeed, it soon became clear that the real question was not one of getting rid of the men, but of punishing them for their previous action in striking by compelling them to rejoin with loss of seniority. The sympathetic strike of the 1,000 who came out last week has procured the reinstatement of the 91 without this penalty, though the Board is trying to save its face by claiming that all the strikers have promised to observe in future the terms of the Dock Labour Scheme. The unofficial strike committee, for its part, affirms that it has defeated a dangerous attempt to deprive men of their means of livelihood for taking part in a strike; and it is clear that the strikers think they have won a victory. On the face of the matter, the Dock Labour Board appears to have acted foolishly in issuing the notices of dismissal, though allowances must be made for its exasperation at the endless series of unofficial strikes.

**Builders and Socialisation**

The Building trade unions have been known for a long time past to be at work on a plan of socialisation. Now it is out, in readiness for presentation to the Conference of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives later this month. It proposes to let alone the very numerous small building firms—in fact mainly jobbing repairers—employing fewer than 20 workers and also the direct labour departments of Local Authorities and the building workers employed by such big firms as I.C.I. Apart from these it proposes to take over the entire industry, including the electrical wiring and contracting firms and the main suppliers and makers of building materials, and also the civil engineering industry, which is becoming more and more closely linked with building. All these it would put under a Ministry of Building, replacing the Ministry of Works, which would operate through a National Building Corporation analogous to the Coal Board and other existing public corporations. Finally, the committee which has drafted the plan expresses its unhappiness at the prospect of nationalising building without also taking over the land in order to ensure fully satisfactory planning.

These are a number of fundamental proposals, which suggests that the scheme is not meant to be introduced all at once; and Mr. Coppock, the Secretary of the N.F.B.T.O., describes it as a "long-term" proposal. It is in marked contrast to the recent report of the Building Working Party, signed by some of the same persons; for that document proposed no major change in the industry's organisation and appeared to be strongly critical of State control. But it may be answered that control without nationalisation is one thing, and nationalisation another. The proposals are most unlikely to be adopted in full as part of the next Labour Party move; but it would not be surprising if some less far-reaching proposal for a public Building Corporation were to receive a place in the Labour Party's new plans.

**Supra-National Science?**

Before atomic neurosis crippled our power of reasoning and nuclear secrecy corrupted the commonwealth of science, one of the sensible suggestions for supervising atomic developments was the establishment of a supra-national research centre. Properly conceived and equipped, it would have recruited the best brains in nuclear physics, scientists of all nationalities, for advanced research. Because it would have kept so much in advance of research directed to purely national or military ends, it could have forestalled and forewarned the world of new developments and robbed potential aggressors of their initiative.

M. Claude Bourdet, the distinguished French journalist, has revived the suggestion in the New York *Nation*. "If one of the few countries which have not adhered either to the Atlantic bloc or the Soviet bloc," he has said, "declared it would give international status and freedom of research for peaceful uses to all scientists; if that country opened an international centre and created an international fund for free scientific research for the benefit of humanity, hundreds of scientists from countries which are giving up freedom of science would flock to that asylum of peace,

progress and freedom." His proposal is not restricted to nuclear research, but, implicitly, it could have the same sanction—the sanction of non-secrecy.

This proposal would have the support of many of our greatest scientists now labouring under the humiliation and restrictions of military security and the threat of "smear." M. Bourdet's suggestion is that the centre should be located in India, which has not only the advantage of being a neutral base but which could derive great benefits, for its own advancement, from providing such an international laboratory.

### French Socialists

*Our Paris Correspondent writes :* As was to be expected, the annual Congress of the French Socialist Party decided to remain outside the Government for the present, and it was agreed that the Parliamentary Group would not re-enter it without the preliminary approval of a special Party Congress. But the Party intends, nevertheless, to continue to support the Bidault Government, and M. Jules Moch severely rapped over the knuckles a cranky old Marxist who ventured to suggest that there was little to choose between Bidault's M.R.P. and the de Gaullists. The "Third Force"—i.e., both anti-Gaullist and anti-Communist—spirit of the French Socialists was expressed in their euphemistic way of treating the present Government parties as merely "*les autres nuances de la pensée républicaine.*"

On one point many Socialists appeared to disagree with the M.R.P. very seriously. Much was said about the "Catholic offensive" inside France, notably as regards education, and fears were also expressed of the growing influence of "militant Catholicism" in shaping the future of Western Europe. However, the final resolutions tended to welcome the Schuman Plan as a promising development—provided Britain and the trade union movement took a proper part in the organisation of Europe. There was a reference to the "public organisation" of key industries, but the word "nationalisation" was carefully avoided—even though, earlier in the Congress, M. Moch had spoken in favour of the nationalisation of iron and steel.

On Indo-China the French Socialists expressed their usual dissatisfaction with the Government's policy, and advocated that the whole problem be submitted to U.N., that "free elections" be held in Indo-China, and that if the Government, formed as a result of these, demanded the withdrawal of the French troops from Indo-China, this should be done. The Government press has treated this resolution on Indo-China as being chiefly a sop to the Socialists' own conscience, rather than a practical proposition.

This was the first Socialist Congress to have been held since the death of Léon Blum; and the general impression is that M. Jules Moch has been grooming himself for the role of Big Chief. He was much more in evidence throughout the proceedings than any possible rivals like Daniel Meyer, Ramadier, or André Philip, and suggested that, in the next Parliament, he would do his best to put across a vast Socialist programme of social welfare. Although the active membership of the Party has dropped from 355,000 in 1946, and 222,000 in 1948, to 156,000 at the end of 1949, the Congress did not seem greatly worried about the 1951 election, and did not at this stage commit itself to any particular course on electoral reform.

# Is the Crisis Over?

THE recent scrapping of so many controls—a process which has culminated in the abandonment of petrol rationing—is undoubtedly calculated to make the British people believe that the post-war economic crisis is nearly surmounted. But are we really off the rocks, or only in calmer water for a brief interval until the wind starts blowing again harder than ever? The report just issued by the Economic Commission for Europe, with the backing of a vast amount of statistical evidence, suggests that we shall be well advised to look out for more bad squalls, if not for a positive tornado, when Marshall Aid comes to an end.

It is, of course, mainly a matter of the prospective dollar deficit—not merely our own or even that of the sterling area, but also Western Europe's and a large part of the world's. Even if we look at the matter from a narrowly national point of view, it is clear that the scale of our exports to most of our markets is being magnified at present by the effusion of American dollars both in making large purchases of overseas materials and in unrequited payments to Germany and Japan as well as to the other countries covered by E.C.A. The precarious improvement in the position during the past year has been due to three main features—the continuance of American aid, the recovery of the American economy from its earlier set-back, and the effects of devaluation in diminishing the competitive power of American exports. There has been, in addition, some increase in British and other West European exports to the United States; but this is so far no more than a drop in the ocean. Indeed, it seems clear that America's readiness to absorb British and West European exports, almost as much as its readiness to buy raw materials from overseas, depends much less on price-levels than on the state of the American market. Hence either a recession in the United States or a cessation of Marshall Aid—and *a fortiori* both together—would plunge us, in common with our neighbours and with most of the non-Soviet world, into a really severe crisis.

Economists to the East of the Iron Curtain continue to speak as confidently as ever of Western Europe's "deepening crisis," and are only uncertain when the axe's blow will fall. We may be inclined to discount their jubilant croakings, and to say that the wish begets the thought, or that their prophecies are merely more Communist propaganda. We cannot afford to dismiss so lightly the forbodings in the comments of E.C.E., with Dr. Myrlal at its head; and this report leaves no doubt that E.C.E. regards the economic problem of Western Europe both as unsolved, despite the appearance of widespread recovery, and as insoluble within the existing framework of world economic relations.

Shortly, the case for pessimism runs something like this. Already there are signs of impending overproduction of steel, and even of coal, in Western Europe in relation to the absorptive capacity of the markets effectively open, either within Western Europe or elsewhere. The recovery of Germany will soon bring in, not only for steel but for many kinds of goods, a new competitor in the West, not to improve the balance of European trade but to engage in a life-and-death struggle for a share in the already limited market. This is bound to happen in any case; and it will be much more catastrophic if the Americans cease to finance the German deficit. The competitive, non-complementary character of the West European economy is aggravated by the lagging behind of recovery in West European agricultural production; and this also means increasing difficulty in procuring foodstuffs from non-dollar sources as Germany becomes a competitor for such supplies. The natural markets for increased German exports are mainly in Eastern Europe; but from this area they are largely shut out, for predominantly political causes. It has been difficult enough for Great Britain, even with United States and Canadian aid, to cut the dollar deficit to manageable proportions by switching purchases to non-dollar areas; it will be impossible for the O.E.E.C. countries, as a group, including Germany, to accomplish this feat when Marshall Aid ends. The attempt would involve not merely a prodigious worsening in Western Europe's terms of trade, but an intolerable scramble for shares in insufficient total supplies.

There is nothing new in this diagnosis. Its truth was recognised even when Marshall Aid was being first approved; for the prospects then held forth for European success in balancing the international accounts were recognised as depending on a revival of large-scale trade between Western and Eastern Europe. There is, however, no sign of such a revival; and the countries beyond the Iron Curtain cry out in chorus that there can be none as long as the United States insists on a political embargo on exports to the East of just those goods which the Soviet countries are most eager to buy. E.C.E. records in its report its failure to get a meeting of its Development of Trade Committee, because the Eastern countries will discuss nothing except this embargo, which the Western countries are not prepared to discuss.

Of course, if American prosperity continues without a recession of any size, and if the fundamental dollar deficit is met by some substitute for Marshall Aid, Western Europe's recovery can go on—though even so the problem of what to do with Germany's rising output will remain, and may have serious repercussions on British export trade. But we clearly must not bank on having this double good fortune. Yet, unless we do, there is no alternative for us, or for our European neighbours, but to embark on a gigantic campaign to thrust American exporters out of every possible market, including especially the other hard currency markets. Trade war, however, between Western Europe and the United States both fits ill with military alliance and makes nonsense of plans for West European economic integration.

American aid, even if its continuance could be assured for many years, could not solve the

problem. In the very long run, enormous American investment in the less developed areas outside Soviet control, coupled with a continuance of substituted aid direct to Western Europe, might make it possible to build up a half-world economy that would be viable for the West without a revival of trade across the Iron Curtain. But such a process would be very costly, would take a very long time, and would be profoundly unnatural. Economically, there is no sensible solution except a rapidly expanding exchange between Eastern and Western Europe—an exchange which would be, in a purely economic sense, fully as favourable to the East as to the West, because it would enable productivity to rise very much faster in the East than it can, while such countries as Poland and Rumania have to depend on such capital equipment as the Soviet Union can spare.

This is the answer in terms of human happiness and material welfare; but for the present it is ruled out by the political disagreements of the Great Powers—partly by the Soviet Union's belief that Western Europe is doomed to collapse, but also by the American's national habit of cheering on the anti-Soviet forces as if it were a baseball match, and not a matter of the life or death of Europe's ancient civilisation. No increase of Western Europe's production, of steel or of any other product, will put matters right economically as long as the barriers between the two halves of Europe remain. Until they can be thrown down, our fortunes and those of our neighbours will depend upon an American bounty that we can neither do without nor afford to accept indefinitely on terms which forbid the seeking of a durable solution of the European problem.

# From a Palestine Notebook

"WHY are the British selling arms to Egypt?" Inevitably this was the first question put to me everywhere in Israel. It was not convincing to reply that we were paying off our war debts by arms exports, or that we were only fulfilling our treaty obligation, or even—the one serious reply—that the arming of Egypt was part, even though a lamentable and utterly ridiculous part, of the Cold War against Russia. The facts froze these arguments on my lips. For what soldier or strategist, coolly weighing the Middle East, would hold that jet planes, British training-pilots and Egyptian troops now being taught the tactics of night fighting are more likely to be used against Russia than against Israel, or form a necessary part of the defence of Egypt? Those who have recently come from Egypt report general talk of a "second round" against Israel and of British aid in this anticipated revenge against the Jews.

In face of all this the seasoned men who are now building Israel are scarcely likely to take chances. Many of them fought in the British Army; many of them have also been imprisoned by the British; most of them remember relatives or lovers who, by decree of the Foreign Office, were left to be cooked in Hitler's ovens or drowned seeking asylum under the British Mandate. They have won through so far, as it seems by a miracle, first against the British and then against the British-created Arab League. But Providence is no man's drudge, and one must not rely on miracles. Even if the Foreign Office has suffered a change of heart—and there is no evidence of that, however many evidences of goodwill come from other Government Departments—there is no guarantee that planes, supplied to bomb Baku, will not be used to bomb Haifa and Tel Aviv. The peculiar tragedy of the Jewish leaders is that by training, ideology and interest they belong to the West. They have little in common with the Soviet Union and are the natural allies of British Labour. If there is any alternative, they will not again seek arms from Eastern Europe. But does any alternative remain? Mr. Bevin, they say, created the State of Israel by refusing, on one occasion, certificates for a mere 3,000 refugees. Subconsciously, perhaps, his real desire is to complete the job by driving the only Social Democracy in the Middle East into the Soviet camp.

This military preoccupation seems strangely incongruous on one's first visit to the Holy Land. In Jerusalem itself one listens to a tribute to Sir Ronald Storrs, who preserved its extraordinary beauty by outlawing concrete and insisting that builders should use only the superb local stone, which can be at the same time white as marble, delicately pink, and as yellow as a Cotswold farmhouse. Abruptly one's mind is switched to a consideration of the strategic use which the Arabs made of Bethlehem, standing now in Arab territory within rifle range of a small collective farm, destroyed but somehow defended, on the very walls of Jerusalem itself. Similar, oddly blasphemous, irrelevancies intervene when one visits the Sea of Galilee or Nazareth. Critics will even tell you that Ben Gurion's policy of unlimited immigration is really dictated by a far-sighted chauvinism. Everything is perverted by war and the fear of war. In fact, Ben Gurion, who looks and talks more like a major prophet than a mere Prime Minister, is inspired by no such motive. To him Israel exists for the In-gathering of the Jews; he cannot, by his nature, present Israel with a modified version of the British White Paper which put an end to immigration. And so they arrive, the Jews of the Dispersion, some to escape persecution, others that the scriptures might be fulfilled; they come from Eastern Europe, from the Yemen, from North Africa, from India, China and Burma. They represent vastly different levels of social and economic development. They bring with them apparently insoluble problems. But they demonstrate one strange fact. After two thousand years of Dispersion they are still a people; they believe that at length, after long wandering in the wilderness, they are at home. They shatter the Gentile picture of the Jew in captivity. Free men, they at once become farmers and manual workers, craftsmen and soldiers: their heads are erect. The Promised Land may look like a last ditch. But of one thing you may be sure. They will live to build the New Jerusalem or die in its defence.

I passed from the modern Jerusalem through the barbed wire that divides it from the old Jerusalem, now part of Jordan, the Kingdom of Abdullah. Here are the Holy Places, the wonderful Mosque of Omar, the rival sites of Calvary, the two tombs of the Resurrection, the Mount of Olives (with one of the loveliest views in the world), the Garden of Gethsemane and the footprint of Christ; here, too, are the Eastern bazaars, well provided with cheap goods from Lancashire and Birmingham, the romantic appeal of handsome Arabs, veiled women and the whole traditional scene beloved by Western visitors. And from here a car takes you down the steep road to Jericho, which plunges down a hotter and hotter spiral, down to the Dead Sea with herds of camels and a vast camp of Arab refugees; then you climb up the cooler mountain road that leads on to Amman, the clean and attractive little capital of Jordan. Once over the artificial frontier, you ascend (as the guide-books say) a rocky hillside, passing the Royal Palace on your left to reach (symbolically) the Residence of the British Minister above it. As I passed, the King sat at the top of his palace steps reading the Koran. He is an excellent chess-player, and I wanted to send him a message offering myself as a sacrifice to his superior skill. But I doubted whether the guards with fixed bayonets would understand my message.

The next day I had an hour's talk with King Abdullah. He is a lively and humorous man who understands, I think, more English than he admits. He certainly desires peace with Israel and he is ready, as his actions show, to cock a royal snook at the Arab League. He has courage, and knows, as Israel knows, that peace between them is economically and politically essential. He is not, however, an absolute dictator. He is now, in theory, a constitutional monarch, and, in practice, sufficiently responsible to take some notice of public opinion. In short, he is strong enough to make peace—after all, he alone of the Arab rulers did well in the war with Israel and has since annexed much valuable territory—but he would run risks in doing so unless the terms sustained the royal prestige. The key, however, lies in London. The British are not, as some Jews believe, determined to prevent the peace; but neither are they actively sponsoring it. And without active encouragement from Britain I am doubtful whether peace can be made. Once again, the Foreign Office fear to do right lest the Arab League should disapprove.

Abdullah's greatest problem, whether it is good politics to say so or not, is the future of those Arabs who fled or were chased out of Israel in the fighting. It seems to me here that the Jews might most reasonably be expected to ease Abdullah's path. In Amman I fell into conversation with several groups of these dispossessed Palestinian Arabs. They seemed not to bear much grudge against the Jews, though those who had lost land in the armistice talked vehemently about getting it back. In one bazaar three Arabs told me in as many minutes, first, that peace between Israel and Jordan was immediately necessary,

then that all the Jews must be killed and driven into the sea, and finally that the Russians would swallow up the whole area and make it Communist within the next twelve months. I believe they all know that they cannot get back the territory they lost in the war that the League launched against the Jews. All around them are thousands of acres, barren and waterless to-day, but all of them as potentially fertile as the soil that is being so successfully tilled in hundreds of Jewish collective and co-operative farms. The solution surely is to refuse to maintain a state of war along 250 miles of totally artificial frontier, and for the Jews to offer compensation and technical aid to Arab refugees.

The need of peace and the possibilities of the Negev, as it will be developed by the Jews, were both dramatically illustrated to me by a single incident. It was hot as we drove through the parched land that leads to Beersheba. Our driver was disinclined to give lifts, but in the end he stopped to allow a singularly attractive Kibbutz girl, perhaps eighteen years old, to climb in beside him. She was dressed in the regular uniform of open shirt and shorts. She had no baggage. "Did she come from a Kibbutz in the desert?" "There is no desert," she answered, "it is only deserted." Good for her. Wherever the pipes had brought water, the sandy earth was brown and fertile. Why was it she was able to wander about instead of working? "I've been wounded and in hospital," she said. Wounded? Badly? "Yes, I was shot through the abdomen by an Arab. I shan't be able to work for a year. I'm visiting my Kibbutz." She explained that there were still Arab smugglers and infiltrators, bad characters. Her Kibbutz was on the frontier in a defence position. "We shoot each other like mad dogs," she said.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

## JABBERSOCKY

"British Labour definitely rejected Marxism. . . the French Socialist leader urged the movement to stick to Marxism."

Report on the International Socialist Conference, Copenhagen. *News Chronicle.*

'Twas Copen and the Jabbersoc
Did meet a chortling call to make—
All antimarx the Labourwock,
And Morganphil outspake.

"Beware the Commuphil, my friends,
Beware the ideologic war,
Let Europe's bloc be demosoc
Be Jabbersocs no more."

He took his Transport blade in hand
The Cominform to knock out flat,
But whanged instead upon the head
A demomarxocrat.

And has he slain the Cominform?
Or has he cracked the Comisco?
O frumious day! They melt away
And burble as they go.

'Twas Copen and the Jabbersoc
Did no united action take—
All promarx but the Labourwock
When Morganphil outspake.

SAGITTARIUS

# London Diary

"BELLISSIMA," said the waiter, "Italia bellissima, Sicilia bellissima." He walked like a waiter in a ballet, removing the plates and setting down the salad with stylised, rhythmical flourishes. "Sole buono, bella vista, belle flore . . ." he said, waving his hands to the windows, which looked out to the hillside, brilliant with bougainvillaea, oleanders, jacaranda and geraniums, topped by the snow peak of Etna, slowly burning, and leading down to the cobalt Mediterranean below. "Italia buona," repeated the waiter. "Mangiare bene, vino molto buono, tutto buono . . . Italiani buoni, ma"—with great emphasis—"non buoni soldati. Guerra, non buona, Italia sempre guerra, Germania, Abyssinia, Spagna, Tripolitania, sempre guerra . . . Gasperi, Truman, Attlee, Stalin, non buono." He pointed to a spot on the floor where he mentally deposited these war criminals, and then lifting both hands above it, he brought them down violently, shouting "Bomba, bomba, finito . . ."

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On the top of the rocky hill behind the hotel we found a hermit. He had built a little stone cabin for himself and he had some almond trees. In patches, each a few feet square, he had cleared away the rocks and planted tomatoes, spinach, marrows, beans, and half a dozen other vegetables. Though there was a rain-water tank which would be full for part of the year, he had in the summer no water that he did not himself carry up. The sun beat down mercilessly. Every baby marrow and tomato seedling had built for it a little house made of the fleshy leaves of the ubiquitous cactus. The leaves were propped against each other on the pattern of the card houses we learn to make in the nursery. Each plant was watered from an ordinary bedroom carafe. Minute tomatoes were already showing on plants nine inches high. We communicated badly but intimately, exchanging French, English and Italian names of all the plants. Then we learnt that he had had three brothers killed in the war, one in Africa, one somewhere on the Russian front, and one in Italy. His mother, he said, had never got over it and died soon after the war. He was not voluble like the waiter, but more impressive. He said, quite simply, once again using the only adjective that a visiting Englishman could be expected to understand "Guerra non buona." He was a sad but not an unhappy man, and he overflowed with tender pride and enthusiasm when he showed us his marrow seedlings. He was, after all, much better off than the usual Southern Italian or Sicilian peasant working from dawn till dusk for an idle absentee landowner, who still believes that he can rely on de Gasperi's police and the neo-Fascist party to prevent the common people taking over the land with which indeed they and their ancestors "have mixed their labour." I talked about the revolt of the contadini with a policeman as we crossed the ferry over the straits of Messina. He had been a prisoner of war in Scotland and had been prevented by the priests, he said, from bringing home his Scottish sweetheart as his wife. He was very emphatic about the contadini. "They are not Communists," he said, "they want to eat."

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I heard much the same story over and over again. The proprietor of the little restaurant where we drank our afternoon coffee had arranged, on a shelf in the corner, bits of coloured paper behind which a tiny electric bulb illuminated the photographs of his father, mother, sister and child. They had all been killed by Allied bombers. Some 500 people had died in raids out of a total population of less than 5,000. In this, as in so many other towns, the chief civilian damage is always said to have been done by American bombers after the military objective had been destroyed in an R.A.F. precision raid. This is rather hard on the Americans, since the worst horror of all—the indiscriminate mass destruction by night bombing, with the avowed object of "de-housing" the workers—was a purely British invention. But the belief that it is Americans who are responsible is strong. As I watched the personnel of the American warship follow an Italian guide in the Cathedral of Syracuse, who tried to explain how the Christian Church had been built round a Greek temple, I saw how inevitably the Americans of to-day are taking the place of the British tourists of the past. These nice, clean, well-intentioned American boys had not the remotest idea what the guide was talking about. Back in the hotel, their officers in immaculate white were drinking round after round of iced gin and lemon, discussing as they did so the real advantages of an American exchange in which eight dollars are worth more than 4,000 lire. I only saw one Italian whose face did not change from sceptical hostility to smiles when he saw Americans who might want something. He was a waiter on a train who somehow failed to satisfy the demands of two over-heated American ladies. He seemed not to care whether they were satisfied or not. One of them repeated over and over again in a very shrill voice: "I really do not know why we give Marshall Aid to these people."

* * *

I was brooding on all this when I arrived at the office of this journal on Thursday evening. A mass meeting was taking place outside. Paul Robeson, the most compelling of singers and lovable of friends, was there, and so were Communists and fellow-travellers speaking from half a dozen countries. John Horner, whom I knew during the war when he was active in the Fire Service, opened the meeting with two remarks; one I thought true and the other false. I agree that it is a strange and terrible thing that the British Labour Movement should give the impression of drifting into mere acquiescence in war preparation without its leaders apparently having time to think out any constructive peace policy. The other remark was that the present peace campaign is supported by people of many political views. If the Communists had really aimed at a Popular Front instead of insisting

on a 100 per cent. pro-Moscow line there might have been a significant peace movement in England to-day. The Soviet Union has made it merely sectarian.

* * *

Take the example of its treatment of J. B. Priestley who was challenged by Ilya Ehrenburg to say why he was not taking part in the peace campaign. His friendly reply was published in this paper on April 22nd. He offered to attend any peace congress, where Russian policies could be discussed with the same frankness as those of the Western warmongers. A retort since published in the *Soviet Literary Gazette* stated that Mr. Priestley's letter showed that he had "openly gone over to the camp of the warmongers," that he merely repeated "anti-Soviet slanders" and so forth. As this account of Mr. Priestley's letter bore no resemblance to its contents, which might have seemed to Soviet citizens to be both friendly to Russia and in the interests of peace, I was not surprised to learn that his NEW STATESMAN letter was reprinted in the *British Ally* in Moscow, but that the Soviet Agency responsible for the distribution of *British Ally* made special arrangements to prevent it reaching its normal public.

* * *

Is the Oxford Group the begetter of the Schuman plan? That may be saying too much, but I believe that it made the atmosphere in which the plan was conceived. M. Schuman has been for some time a warm supporter of its movement for moral re-armament, and has just written a preface to the French Edition of Dr. Buchman's speeches, *Remaking the World*. "To create a moral climate in which true brotherly unity can flourish"—this, he writes, is the immediate goal towards which Christians should strive. While the Group has won notable adherents in France, it has been even more successful in spreading its influence in Germany. Dr. Arnold, the Premier of North-Rhine-Westphalia, and like M. Schuman a Catholic of the Left, is its keen supporter. Feeling themselves isolated and shunned by the rest of the world, Germans eagerly accepted the welcome the Group gave them at its imposing international social Centre at Caux. Here they met politicians and industrialists from all over the world. The organised youth movements were brought in, and a son of Dr. Arnold is one of the Group's chief speakers. At the moment Dr. Buchman is in Germany under the patronage of Dr. Adenauer. Out of the contacts came, I think, not perhaps the details of the plan—if details it has—but the will to find a plan to link the heavy industries of France and Germany. On this reading of its origin the impulse behind it is pious anti-Socialism.

* * *

In Pall Mall I saw an event, which recalls not merely pre-war, but pre-1914 days. It struck me as positively Edwardian, when I saw two middle-aged gentlemen, probably civil servants, solemnly lift their hats to each other as they passed in the road.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Sexual behaviour is just as common in Britain as in the U.S., according to a recent survey by Mass-Observation, a British opinion research organisation.—*The Scientific American.* (P. J. Dyne.)

In answer to the first charge, Inspector Watterson said Walker replied: "I am not saying nothing," and to the second: "I am not saying anything."—*Burnley Express.* (A. Holland.)

Mrs. ——, wife of the landlord at the George Inn, looked from her window to see the roof spiralling into the air. She ran upstairs to close her bedroom window.—*Daily Express.* (J. Mason.)

Dr. Van der Lyn's masterpiece is destined to become a reputable text-book on the relationship between Cosmic Forces and Racing.—Advt. in *Prediction.* (R. Thomas.)

Hotel-keepers and seaside caterers are watching the move made by Mr. George Brenner, chairman of the Grand Pier Co., Weston-super-Mare, who is investigating the possibility of legal action to restrain the B.B.C. from broadcasting "discouraging" weather forecasts.—*Evening Standard.* (G. Haskell.)

# Europe Inc.

### II. THE SCHUMAN PLAN.

IN calling for a supra-national control over basic industries in Western Europe, the French Government has awakened many echoes in Western Germany. Some of these echoes represent a deep conviction that there can be no solution to existing problems within the framework of the Bonn Republic. If the Germans are to escape from the past, men of goodwill tend to argue, then not only must Germans turn their back upon the political and economic patterns of tradition; so also must the British and the French, the Dutch and the Belgians. There must be a resolute opening of doors—and minds—to new ways of thought. The sincerity which lies in this longing for a fresh start on new foundations is a measure of the distance which many Germans have travelled since the stunned indifference of 1945.

The notion of international control for basic industry is not new in Western Germany. It is necessary only to recall the proposals put forward by the German trade unions last year; or the plan for a *Zweckverband*, or public corporation, suggested by Karl Arnold as a means of amalgamating heavy industry in the Ruhr, in Lorraine, in Belgium and Luxemburg, and in the Saar. These proposals called for an entirely new approach to the economic integration of Western Europe.

It is important to recognise that. For the Schuman Plan, however much it may use the same kind of language, is emerging, under close examination by trade unions and other clear-sighted bodies in Western Germany, and especially in the Ruhr, as something rather different. That Adenauer was consulted well beforehand, and that Adenauer consulted his conservative friends in the Ruhr, is taken for granted. That the proposals should come from a conservative Frenchman believed to have the interests of the Lorraine owners at heart, and that they should then be "explained" by as strange an exponent of social change as Paul Reynaud, was scarcely encouraging. Then it was seen that the Ruhr industrialists, to a man, were falling over themselves to welcome the Plan, that the German "study committee" was to be led by Reusch, Semler, and others of their kidney, that the State Department was cheerfully bringing up the rear—and enthusiasm waned. Could these cynical minds really give something new to Europe?

Upon reflection, several thoughts emerge. In the first place, the Schuman Plan is recognised as an exercise in French realism. Having understood that the industrialists of Western Germany have the United States on their side, the French conservatives who govern France—and, in this case, that means primarily the interests represented by De Wendel and his like—have evidently decided to make a virtue out of a necessity. For some months past they have crabbed the development of the International Authority for the Ruhr—now of little more than symbolical importance—in the belief, apparently, that it was no good supporting an Authority which would never be one in much more than name. It would obviously be wiser, in the French view, to come to terms with the rising structure of capitalism in the Ruhr while there is still room to be found on the ground floor.

Secondly, the Schuman Plan is recognised as an intelligent attempt to reach an economic pattern which should fit within the continued existence of the Cold War for a long period. So long as Western policy seemed ready to contemplate an early end to the Cold War, there was reason to think that rising German production might find its natural outlet in the East. As things are, Western Europe is faced with the imminent consequences of its failure to expand the framework of possible consumption, both at home and abroad. Already there is too much steel and coal. Hence the willingness of the French to bargain their rights to formal control of German production against a working understanding between producers.

Some of the immediate technical advantages which the French producers may hope to gain are obvious enough. The French have an interest in ensuring, if they can, that coking coal is sold to German steel mills at the same price as to French steel mills. With the present system of dual pricing, the additional cost of Ruhr coke in France is nearly £1 a ton. Nor is this interest merely transitory: for many years before the war the German trusts ran their coal mines at a loss in order to be able to undersell their foreign competitors in steel. The French have also an interest in maintaining traditional markets in Southern Germany for the products of Saar industry.

The German owners, on their side, have as obvious an interest in anything which removes or reduces a restrictive control which is at present applied only to themselves. A typical comment was that of Director Fugmann of Rheinhausen, who said on behalf of the Iron and Steel Trades Association at Düsseldorf

that "the Plan was a courageous act which would receive the full support of the German steel industry, provided the Germans could participate on a basis of equality"—provided, that is (and others were more explicit), that the present restrictions on German steel production were abolished. "The French proposal is to be understood," wrote the conservative *Deutscher Kurier* on May 20th, "as demonstrating the untenability not only of the Occupation Statute, but also of the Ruhr Statute."

Together with the implications of the London Conference, the Schuman Plan is taken as signalling an effective end to the occupation. There survives a partnership—but an intensely capitalist partnership. And Mr. McCloy had only to add, as he did a few days ago, that the Allied troops were no longer here to occupy Western Germany, but to protect it "from the East." Not even Stresemann, hemmed about with anxious plots and reparation bonds, dreamed of a Locarno as benign as this.

There is, however, another and overriding aspect of the Schuman Plan. The French and German industrialists are not alone in sponsoring it. There is a third partner. Not for nothing are the German owners asking for the "control organs" of this industrial "union" to be linked with the O.E.E.C. committees in Paris. The United States will become a full member of the O.E.E.C. organisation before long; and the manner of United States participation, partly through the promotion of private investment, is certain to become much closer than it is to-day. The supervision of economic development in Western Europe which is now exercised by the United States indirectly and imprecisely through the various organs of Marshall Aid may be expected to tighten into a much more direct, commanding, and individual control. If it is the purpose of American policy to "integrate" and discipline the existing (and highly capitalist) economies of Western Europe under American leadership—as Mr. Hoffman and other spokesmen of authority have frequently asserted—then direct control over heavy industry in France and Western Germany should prove a powerful instrument. Nothing more suitable to an assault upon the remaining independence of the sterling area in general—and possibly the Welfare State in particular, having in mind the discrepancy between Continental and British wages—could be imagined.

It would be a gross under-estimation of the Schuman Plan to dismiss it as merely an attempt to recreate the International Steel Cartel. Far more than that, the Plan suggests a skilful and important scheme for shaping the needs and prospects of private capital in West European heavy industry to the intentions of private capital in the United States. There is no reason in the world why industrialists in France and Western Germany should object to governmental supervision of their activities—provided that they themselves have a major say in the government of France and Western Germany, and that the casting vote is to be held by an America determined at all costs to preserve the rights of "free enterprise" down to the last colon and comma. This type of public control of heavy industry could be no more menacing to private interests than the organs of the Marshall Plan are at present.

Whether such a Plan for "international capitalism," whatever precise form it might take, could possibly be turned into a progressive instrument for the economic integration of Europe, seems at best doubtful. Here in Western Germany, at least, forward-looking people who desire the genuine integration of Europe are more and more aware of the aggressive opposition of the old controlling interests. Without the elimination of these interests—in France as well as here—it is hard to see how international civil servants, no matter how well-intentioned, could provide more than the façade of public management.

For Socialists to acquiesce in this scheme in the hope of subsequently making it progressive would be to commit suicide for fear of death. A plan for economic integration based on the continued existence of private capital in heavy industry—the reality concealed behind a screen of public titles—is likely to prove little better than a fraud. What would be said of the Labour Government if, instead of nationalising the British steel industry, it merely appointed a committee in Whitehall to run the industry with the help and advice of the present owners? And if that, on the national level, would mean a mockery of public control, why should it mean more on the international level? The Schuman Plan is formed after a noble idea, which is the federation of Europe. But its content, by all the signs, is quite otherwise.

BASIL DAVIDSON.

*Frankfurt-am-Main, June.*

# Cotton in Uganda

[*By a Correspondent*]

*"Whatever may be the position of Mulumba himself vis-à-vis Communism in England, there is no evidence whatever of Communist activities in Buganda; on the contrary, it was abundantly evident that the great majority of even the intelligentsia had no idea of the meaning of Communism and had had no dealing or contacts with Communists.*

In these words the Report compiled by Sir Joseph Sheridan and Sir Donald Kingdon, laid for good the Red Bogy which haunted almost all official communiqués and semi-official speeches and hand-outs during last year's troubles in Uganda. Moscow, it seems, was for once not guilty. Then what, in the absence of this useful First Cause of riots and demonstrations of dislike for the Raj, were the actual forces underlying the upheaval? On this question the Report was no less explicit. Leaving aside minor troubles, the main cause of discontent in Uganda was shown to be the difficulty experienced in selling cotton for what appears to the cultivators to be a fair price.

Uganda is a country of one main food crop, bananas, and one main cash crop, cotton; and Uganda's cotton is produced, not on large estates, but by a large number of independent peasants. Consequently, on the price received for cotton depends the standard of living of most of the population in everything except food. The Report gave some illuminating figures. In 1948-9, a hundred pounds of cotton, when ginned, was sold at Mombasa for just over £3. Of this the growers received just under 50 per cent, the remainder of the money being absorbed by cost of ginning (including ginners' profit), 13 per cent; cost of transport, 4 per cent; tax, 13 per cent; and by contributions to the Price Assistance Fund, 20 per cent.

It will be seen that the grower's price would be higher by two-thirds if it were not for the deduction of tax and of the sum paid into the Price Assistance Fund. These deductions the growers strongly resent. To the deduction of one shilling, or less than 2 per cent, which is paid to the Native Government of the district where the cotton was grown, they can hardly object. To the deduction of over seven shillings, or more than 11 per cent, for the support of the English officials of the Protectorate Government they might object very much, though there is no great sign that they do. The chief cause of trouble is the 20 per cent paid into the Price Assistance Fund.

This fund was formed at the beginning of the war with the most praiseworthy aims. It was assumed that the war would mean for Uganda an enhanced demand for cotton, a shortage of consumer goods, and a post-war slump, in which cotton prices would fall. It was consequently felt that by funding a large percentage of the price received for cotton during the war years, inflation, due to abundance of money and shortage of consumer goods, would be avoided during the war, and that, after it was over, the fund could be used to raise slump prices. In preventing inflation the fund worked well; but, contrary to expectation, there has been no slump in post-war cotton prices, nor, while Britain continues to be unfavourably situated *vis-à-vis* America and Egypt, is there likely to be one. Consequently, the Baganda now ask why money should continue to be paid into the fund, and not into their pockets. When, they also ask, will the huge sum (over £10,000,000) already collected in this manner be distributed to the Baganda?

A good deal of the money is in fact being already distributed in ways which do not always seem to find favour with the Baganda; but a large proportion of the price is still paid into the fund. Why? The Report, and the Government's official comment on it, gave a disturbing answer. Before the war, the Report assured us, the cotton grower, when he received a high price for his crop, "improvidently squandered the proceeds" (*i.e.*, used them to raise his standard of living). Nowadays, it would seem to the detached observer, it is more than ever necessary for him to have a comparatively large sum available for "improvident squandering" if he is to raise in any way, or even maintain, his standard of living; for, while the price he receives for cotton is held down by the Price Assistance Fund to a level still comparable with that obtaining before the war, the cost of every form of consumer goods has risen enormously, often by as much as 400 per cent. But the most sinister light on the reason for maintaining the Price Control Organisation was given by the

Uganda Government's comments on the Report. They observed:

> ....The prices paid to the producers of cotton ... are the yardstick which governs the whole internal price structure of the Protectorate, and these prices have repercussions not only on food prices but on such related factors as wage rates and building costs.

In other words, if the price of cotton is put up, up will go the wages which European and Indian business men have to pay to their labour. In these circumstances, one can hardly wonder if the Baganda regard the cotton marketing organisation with suspicion.

To attempt to combat this state of affairs, the Baganda formed the Uganda African Farmers' Association—a co-operative society which, on the outbreak of the riots, was outlawed; all its property was seized and its leaders received heavy sentences for "sedition." This society—suffering, like all native African enterprises, from serious lack of capital—naively assumed that it would be able to persuade Indian or British firms to gin the cotton its members produced, and that it would then be able to sell the processed cotton direct to Liverpool or Bombay. The leader of the Association went to England for this purpose, only to find, of course, the Liverpool Cotton Exchange closed and bulk purchase agreements with the Uganda Government's organisation the only channel through which cotton could be sold. In addition, Indian and English ginning firms refused to handle the Association's cotton, and it was found that Government regulations to prevent cotton disease forbade cotton to be stored after a certain date, so that the last resort of the growers, a producers' strike, was illegal. Finally, since cotton may only be purchased by a licensed ginnery, the Association could not purchase any cotton from growers other than its members.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Association failed in all its objects; it is hardly more surprising that riots broke out. The Report regrettably departed from its usual impartiality in describing the activities of the Association, which was treated now as a semi-criminal organisation for cheating its fellow-Africans, now as the work of deluded savages incapable of seeing the inevitable obstacles to the achievement of their desires—obstacles which are in fact in every case the result of official rules and regulations. All the Baganda ask for is the right to market their cotton themselves and receive the price of it; but this, apparently, the Government of Uganda is determined they shall not do.

The disturbing thing about the Report and the Government's comments on it is that no substantial change in this state of affairs is contemplated. The price given to the grower has been raised this season by 3s. per 100 lb; but, quite recently, police armoured cars could be seen on the roads in one district where this price was evidently felt to be still insufficient. The percentage paid into the Fund remains the same as ever. One ginnery is to be purchased by the Government "as an experiment" and there the Government will gin the cotton of African growers. (There are altogether over 190 ginneries in Uganda). But the "inevitable" obstacles remain inevitable.

Yet there is no question that much could be done, if only the effort were made. A responsible article in the *Crown Colonist* (December, 1949) pointed out the great importance of Uganda's Cotton to Britain, and the harm done to this cotton (from the British point of view) by the inefficiency and carelessness of the Uganda ginners. Twenty or twenty-five efficient ginneries, the article suggested, could cope with the whole crop if fitted with the up-to-date machinery the present Indian-owned ginneries lack. Surely the vast sum available to the Government in the Fund could be used for this purpose, and confidence in British rule restored.

The trouble is it would hit the Indian ginners very hard. This would not, of course, worry the Uganda peasant at all. So unable is he to see why the Government should always back the ginner against the producer that the wildest accusations were made at the time of the troubles that the Governor of Uganda was in the Indians' pay. The African peasant is as yet quite unable to realise that capitalism always supports capitalism, other things being equal.

# The Battle of Friern Barnet

Ours is a typical dormitory suburb: conventional, tidy, with tree-lined streets of bijou residences built between the wars, neighbouring on the four-storey yellow-brick houses of an earlier generation. Predominantly Tory from habit rather than conviction, the suburb admires the culture of Tottenham Court Road "antiques" and Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth. Not a likely place for seeds of revolt to sprout, you would think. Yet in this respectable suburb, a few weeks ago, we staged a housewives' exhibition of badly designed and shoddy goods that hit the headlines in the national press and interested other districts. Welwyn has already decided to follow suit, and the idea of running similar exhibitions is under discussion in St. Albans, Sutton, Tettenhall, Whitley Bay and Gloucester. The Council of Industrial Design are interested, and we hope that other local authorities may decide to copy too. For we make no bones about it: we want to be copied. Not because we are extraordinary people, but because we are ordinary, and believe that the seeds of revolt latent in our suburb are present in other unsuspected places. If they are, then Consumers' Councils are on the way.

In Friern Barnet, it was one of our Labour Councillors who suggested that we should organise an exhibition of Good and Bad Design in the Home as part of the U.D.C.'s municipal entertainment programme, financed by £250 out of the rates under new powers gained through Labour's Local Government Act. (I should explain that "we" are the Women's Advisory Panel on Housing, set up by the U.D.C. to investigate and express opinions on the design of Council houses.) We anticipated a certain amount of local sales-resistance to the idea, but went ahead. The exhibition lasted a fortnight. Opposite each other or side by side, in display units designed and built for us by students from the Hornsey School of Art, we showed a good kitchen and a bad one, a good dining-room set and a bad one, good nursery equipment and bad, and then a series of "Chambers of Horrors" with bad vases, bad pans, bad electric ware, and so on.

We were not out to pillory particular manufacturers, and showed no recognisable branded goods. Each bad exhibit was lent to us by a local housewife who owned it and suffered from it, and who now gladly came forward to show up her own mistakes in past shopping, and who chuckled with the public at the captions made up to underline her point. ("Kill the kids with this," for a bad switch; "Tea with burnt knuckles" for a horrid little square teapot.) To match these housewives' complaints, we had asked the Design and Industries Association to choose equivalent things of good design, laying it down that these must be available on the home market and reasonable in price. Everyone could see their good design points, because the bad points opposite emphasised them. Thus we showed that with the same money you could buy something well-designed for its purpose which will give pleasure and good service, or something showy but shoddy or unfunctional.

The Eastern Electricity Board had lent us their local showrooms for the fortnight, and we were a nuisance. Clearly the young ladies behind the grille where the consumers paid their bills thought we were a pack of overgrown schoolgirls having a lark. We had opened with speeches in a flower-bedecked demonstration kitchen behind the showroom. Flashlights dazzled the babies planted by press photographers in the good and the bad baby chairs; an oppossum-coated lovely from a U.S. Agency (covering 242 women's magazines) taxied up from Central London, peered inside the bad wardrobe, opened the good one, bounced on the good armchair and failed to bounce on the bad one, and taxied back to write her piece. Local authorities and specialist bodies like the Council of Industrial Design, the Furniture Development Council and the Good Housekeeping Institute, sent representatives. Someone came all the way from Cardiff. Newsreels sent cameramen, and the B.B.C. came twice and put us on the air in Woman's Hour. Fame had struck Friern Barnet (which no one knew how to pronounce); and finally the local Chamber of Commerce got members to stock the good exhibits in their shops, join housewives in a "Meet Your Retailer" forum to discuss the design of things they sold.

"But what sort of people came?" asked someone from another borough, wondering whether we weren't preaching to the converted. "People like ourselves," was the answer. Housewives came during their morning's shopping; young couples came in the evening to pick up ideas for their hoped-for Council flat; bus drivers and their mates dropped in between journeys; school children came on organised visits; family parties came because it was a free show. Not experts (although they came, too), but consumers anxious to spend their money to the best advantage, and curious to see what "bad design" and "good design"

amounted to. A few came with æsthetics in mind, but a much larger number looked at our exhibits to see how they functioned. Some people preferred the bad exhibits to the good, and said so. But so long as they recognised the bad points we did not mind. We were not censors of public taste, but wanted people to say to themselves: "Will it do a good job in use? Do I like its appearance?" If the answer to the first question was "No" and to the second "Yes," then it was up to the shopper to decide which outweighed which. We banked on our general experience that the article well designed to do a good job was more likely than its badly designed equivalent to be æsthetically pleasing to the expert as well as to the average consumer.

"Seeds of revolt," I said. We sowed a few, judging by remarks in our visitors' book, which showed that while to a middle-class housewife the ill-spent pound can bring disappointment, to a working-class housewife it can mean tragedy. That is what the Furniture Operatives meant when their Union passed a resolution last year about getting the public to recognise pretentious but shoddy furniture for the bad bargain it is. We were trying to put over the same message—revolt against the pretentious and the shoddy. That is why we hope other women's organisations and other local authorities will copy Friern Barnet.

MARGARET RICHARDS

# So They Say . . .

As sometimes happens, the story of the week—Britain's refusal to join the Schuman Plan talks—fell into the province of those unequalled organs of entertainment, the Sunday newspapers. With the exception of the *Sunday Empire News*, however, all found quite an amount of space for it—and for a variety of reasons for Britain's refusal, together with approval or criticism.

The *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* confined themselves to reporting the facts, although they did not always agree with each other. While the *Sunday Times*, for instance, in its lead story described "the conflict of view between Britain and the Continental countries" developing into "a fundamental rift," its Paris correspondent wrote that "to-day's events have been described here as marking a turning point in the history of Europe." The *Sunday Times's* reason for the crisis was that "it revolved round, but seldom mentioned, the basic problem of national sovereignty."

The *Observer* was a little blunter, its diplomatic correspondent pointing out that "it seems likely that our proposals will concentrate on the need for agreement between nations on foreign markets." Its Paris correspondent, however, maintained that "the key to the situation is to be found in the Labour Party's insistence . . . that it cannot abandon its control over the national economy and that any authority under this scheme must be responsible to national governments."

Papers with "radical" sympathies all more or less approved of the Government's caution. The *Sunday Pictorial*, for example, quoted Mr. Morgan Phillips's statement at the Copenhagen International Socialist Conference that "to restrict Europe's production of steel when the undeveloped countries are crying out for new machinery is no less lunatic than burning coffee in Brazil." The *People* drew a picture of Mr. Bevin resisting "the thin end of the wedge. . . . If he submits our coal and steel to outside control, he believes Britain will be taking the first step on the road to full political control of this country by a European super-government."

*Reynolds's News* stated that Schuman's terms "made it quite impossible for Britain to come in at this stage," and added that "France may be banking on Britain's ultimate fear of being left out of a combination that could seriously challenge the competitive power of Britain's steel and coal industries."

The Right-wing press was evenly divided between violent condemnation and hearty approval. The *News of the World* reported from Paris that "the extent to which British prestige has now fallen in Europe is really frightening," and blamed "the fact that, at the moment, we do not appear to possess a Government capable of taking a decision." The *Sunday Dispatch* complained of the Government's "obstinate and unimaginative attitude," and went on to reassure Tories who "seem to think that steel nationalisation would be made inevitable and irrevocable," that "Sir Andrew Duncan, our greatest steel expert, has indicated his sympathy for the idea of British participation."

The *Sunday Express* and *Sunday Chronicle* united in a loud and unaccustomed cheer for the Government. The *Express* considered it "entitled to-day to a round of cautious national applause. It has not swallowed the Schuman Plan . . . let us say No, No, a thousand times No." The *Chronicle* "heartily applauded the decision to refuse to sign a blank cheque"—for the reason that "no British Government could commit these industries to this scheme without such industries being nationalised."

AUTOLYCUS

# The Herb Garden

As time moves on and effort of all kinds is harder to make, I watch the spacious and varied herb garden of my dreams fading out of view. I have a little patch some ten yards square, with thyme, sage, mint, parsley, verbena, borage and taragon and perhaps one or two others; but these delightful plants were only the beginning of a labour of love that can never reach completion. Already the gardener finds that he cannot make headway with his many jobs; assistance is not to be had. I desired an orchard when I was young and was permitted to plant two; I wanted an apiary, and in due course controlled a large one. But the herb garden was never responsive to my wooing; I don't know why, for the law of life would seem to be that we can have what we want, if we desire it ardently enough.

In Somerset, only a few years ago, I was taken by a friend to a garden of herbs whose kind owner sent me desirable cuttings and seeds, but they did not like the soil; I think, too, that elm roots, dominant beneath the chosen bed, had stolen needful nourishment. When your garden ground stands on a hill-top and the best soil has been washed down into the valley by the rains of centuries, you must go down hill to find it. "*Facilis est descensus Averni, sed revocare*"—yes, that's the rub, the "*revocare*" beats me. I find my hillside growing steeper every year; better go without a herb garden than have one that can only be visited at intervals and with difficulty by way of a hill "that feelingly persuades us what we are."

Happily, imagination can do a great deal; so can herbals and books on herb gardens by those to whom it has been granted to achieve ambitions in this field of quiet delights. Here, where we have neither the soil nor the shelter that will enable dreams of spacious herb gardens to reach the plane of manifestation, a few sprigs and some delicious scents can at least suffice for gratitude. Our mint is excellent, our lemon verbena fragrant, our parsley and our taragon second to none, while the lavender beds grow yearly in beauty.

A herb garden recalls the flowering time in Victorian manor houses through years when the world's horizons knew nothing of clouds, and a great staff of experts created all the harmony of colours and line that makes for pictures in gardens as surely as on canvas. Those times will not return, but I knew them; gardens, colours and fragrance are unforgettable. It must suffice to bring their memory to our wind-swept hill-top with its harsh substitute for soil, a mere conglomerate of gravel and sand. On a very quiet sunny afternoon I can people my little patch with very rare and attractive herbs of the kind the old walled gardens knew. The claims of self-deception may be gratefully admitted.

Even the names hold a measure of music; and into the herbaceous border I have brought at least one herb-garden flower into a full rich life—crimson bergamot, the bee-balm of an older generation. I have always been attracted by bergamot, which must be coaxed to face our bitter East and North winds. I know that its oil is extracted by the perfumer but I am well content to pick a couple of leaves and enjoy their scent. For fragrance I have in addition lemon thyme and lavender, sweet marjoram and rosemary and, for the kitchen, chives, borage, taragon, sorrel, sage and mint.

Unattainable, at least by me, are carraway, rue, peppermint, costmary, angelica, cumin, coriander, camomile, elecampane, fumitory, liquorice, purslane, saffron, tansy, vervain, woodruff and wormwood. Of these I regret cumin most, for on my travels in Spain and Morocco, when young, I found some delightful dishes and sauces that cumin had flavoured.

Happily, at long last, I have learned to be content with what comes, and to forget ideas, born before the war, of bringing an expert to find a site, give it suitable soil from our rich store of compost, and then advise on a rotation of planting. Strife has cancelled garden planning and nothing can be said in its favour save on grounds of beauty and harmlessness.

May it not be that the fragrance and uses of

herbs, such tiny things, so easily passed over, have had a special significance for us in the past grim years? The old herb garden was always a haven of peace, an expression of man's search for repose, and to-day the pursuit of peace and beauty is one of our greatest endeavours in spite of the bloodstained roads that lead to them.

There are herbaceous borders and rose gardens, water gardens, walled fruit gardens and the rest, all full of delight. But which among them can rival the garden of herbs, so modest, unassuming and reticent? If, instead of having more garden than some of us can cultivate, there were only a fraction of our needs, and if the loud vulgar cry of useful vegetables could be silenced for a while, I would choose to have a little herb garden and let everything else go by. Perhaps the Recording Angel would justify my choice or at least would understand if he were forced to condemn.

Herb gardens tend to disappear, but, if only for the sake of those writers and others who have honoured them, they should be a part of every well-appointed pleasance. I would like to see a reserve for herbs in every public garden so that the lost sense of their value and attraction might be restored to us. Many of the virtues attributed to them by Gerarde, Culpeper and their followers sound extravagant, but since the development of homoeopathy we have learned that wonderful curative properties lie in the humblest plants and that even the single-drop doses bring about surprising results. It is at least possible that the qualities of many herbs have been found and lost and they will be found again, for records pass.

Where rare beauty and utility combine with modesty in the garden, we may find a field of study worth patient labour; it may even be that behind the astrology of ancient herbalists which we are unable to accept, there may be truths worth attention. We can prove teachings in regard to certain medicinal herbs and those who know the older countryside with its "wise" women and "wise" men will remember that these strange folk collected plants, made them into doses and often helped humans as well as animals. Something has been lost; the herb garden might help to bring a great part of it back. Even if it did not, the herbs can justify their presence; for beauty needs no excuse in a world that can never have too much and since the coming of the industrial era has never held enough.

There are those who declare, with infinite daring and assurance, that flowers respond to human emotion. "Take two hyacinths," said a student of occult things to me when we had been discussing the theories of that great teacher, Rudolf Steiner, "one of the colour you like best and one of the colour you like least. Give them the same soil and treatment and visit them every day, enjoying one and sending your feelings of dislike to the other. The one you do not like will wither, the one you care for will thrive."

I have never tried this experiment, partly because I should be too startled if it succeeded, and partly because I find it impossible to hate any flower. The most I can do is to have a preference.

S. L. BENSUSAN

# The Arts and Entertainment

## LITTLE THEATRE

In the current revival of poetry in the theatre, the Mercury, Mr. Ashley Dukes's little theatre in Notting Hill Gate, can justly take pride; for it has been persistently fostering for many years what at one time must have seemed like a hopelessly lost cause. But now that poetic drama turns out to be a commercial proposition, the Mercury is threatened with some of the dangers that have overtaken and (for the most part) destroyed London's little theatres. A little theatre should be a workshop: its function is experiment. Success, in the commercial sense, should be for it only a by-product. It is not its business to look for "West End" plays, but to busy itself with plays that for one reason or another are unattractive to the contemporary commercial managers. It should be trying out new methods of production, and helping to teach young dramatists in the only way they can be properly taught, by seeing their work in performance, even when—or perhaps especially when—it is only half-formed, inchoate, all over the place. The little theatres have to deny themselves the pleasure of success; their compensation is to work in the highlight of promise and the full arrogance of faith.

Occasionally without aiming at it, they will, however, have a success. Some enterprising manager on the prowl will see some new play of theirs, buy it and give it "a West End run." This is the danger point for them, for the rewards of this kind of good fortune are considerable, and a little theatre, like a literary magazine, is always struggling and kicking on the wrong side of the bank ledger. So having found one success, they proceed at once to try to find another. Their original intentions get submerged; they become not members of a workshop, but tipsters engaged in the frantic search for winners, and before very long they find themselves presenting fortnight by fortnight a series of "commercial" plays, which are not only worse than the worst of the West End's, but are necessarily, with their limited resources, even worse presented. The little theatre has become a "try-out" theatre, and a try-out theatre at that, conducted by people who may or may not know the commercial business. Isn't it something like this that has happened in the last year or two to London's little theatres?

I am not suggesting that the Mercury is in exactly this kind of danger under its present management. Only, that its productions are in danger of being treated in this way by us theatrical tipsters, who, observing the success of *Venus* or *The Cocktail Party* will go down to Notting Hill Gate in search of winners. That is the wrong approach and bears unfairly upon both plays and productions. I have seen it remarked for instance that the current production *Stratton*, will not advance the cause of poetic drama. Perhaps not in itself, but the cause of poetic drama—supposing that there is such a thing—is all the time being advanced by the production of the verse plays of inexperienced dramatists, such as Mr. Ronald Duncan, the author of *Stratton*, seems to me to be. I unfortunately missed his much-praised *The Way to the Tomb*, but his new play is not really a runner in the West End stakes, though this may be said to be prophesying after the event, since for some moments, it was so considered. Its faults as drama are more evident than anything else, and the poetry is never strong enough to compensate for this, although there are some memorable images, a line of wry quiet humour, and the language throughout is well-turned and appropriate.

It is not that Mr. Duncan's play lacks dramatic content. On the contrary perhaps it is too crammed with possibilities of development. With less on the agenda, so to speak, the dramatist might have given himself time to develop adequately any two or three of his many themes all of which are related but none really developed. There is a theme of the over-prosperous family, Stratton after Stratton becoming fixed into the family mould of success. There is the extension of this into the relations between son and father, each named the same, and their different selves so intertwined that the son cannot recognise himself for himself. There is the theme of the wife's relations with father and son and her going blind, because she will not watch what is happening before her eyes. There are subsidiary themes, of the floods encroaching on the family estate (a symbolic one), and of the father's falling in love with the son's wife. And there is the central theme of the father, who becomes a judge, and by that action looses in himself the darker side of a nature which up till then has shown itself as all too agreeably successful. Out of all this you might imagine that the author would produce a play where at the least something was happening all the time. It is even something of a feat to have all this going on (and a couple of murders that I haven't mentioned) and yet produce an effect in the end of almost total stagnation. At present Mr. Duncan doesn't seem to be interested in action, only in the reflections and analyses which action prompts in his characters. These are neither profound enough nor acute enough nor remarkably enough expressed to be worth a whole evening themselves.

In these circumstances the actors were in difficulties from the start. Mr. William Devlin doesn't in his own person look like a highly prosperous and assured K.C., and he couldn't find the means of suggesting one either in his lines in the first part, or in his way of speaking them. In the second act, when the play takes a distinct move forward, when the good self in him has been abandoned to the bad, he acts with great intensity, and makes a considerable impression. Among those supporting him, Mr. Robert Sansom as a "drinky" vicar, and Miss Barbara Lott as the son's wife, did very well. Mr. Alan Gordon as the family solicitor added an excellent restrained sketch.

T. C. WORSLEY

## RADIO NOTES

No doubt it was by sheer chance that in a week when Synge dominated the Third Programme the main play in the Home Service was an Irish transmogrification of *The Cherry Orchard*. Mr. Peter Watts, who was responsible for the production of what he called *The Light of Other Days*, defended his experiment, in *The Radio Times*, in what seemed to me singularly unconvincing terms. Is it in fact true that the "tradition that Chehov is 'strange' still persists" in England? One would have thought that, of all the great European dramatists, none has more successfully become part of our theatre than Chehov. His "strangeness" is certainly less than Ibsen's and much less than Strindberg's, and the shock tactics permissible with a classic play the production of which has been overencrusted by tradition seem quite unnecessary with *The Cherry Orchard* of all plays. What happened, of course, when Lyubov Andreyevna's

estate was transferred to County Cork and Lyubov Andreyevna herself became Mrs. Amy Harman-Andrews, was the superimposition on one's memories of the play of an altogether new kind of strangeness, and not in the least a revealing or rewarding one. Analogies between provincial life in Czarist Russia and life in nineteenth-century Ireland have been made often enough. What truth there is in them Mr. Watts's production showed: precious little, it seemed to me. The character of Trofimov, the eternal student, for instance, is perfectly convincing in his Russian setting; he is indeed a recurring type in Russian fiction and one of Chekhov's favourite characters; but turned into Peter Donovan, an undergraduate of Trinity College at the beginning of the century, he scarcely made sense at all.

The Synge programmes proved most enjoyable. *The Well of the Saints*, admirably produced by Mr. Raymond Raikes, made first-rate radio drama, and was acted with great gusto by a cast that included Miss Maire O'Neill and Mr. Harry Hutchinson. But if it was Synge's week it was hardly less Mr. W. R. Rodgers's, since he was responsible for the other three programmes in the series. His feature *The Bare Stones of Aran* had great merit. Mr. Rodgers's special gifts as a poet—his observing eye, his individual imagery, his delight in finding words to mirror the physical aspects of nature, above all his feeling for human dignity—make him almost unrivalled as a writer of this kind of programme; and he also uses recordings of actuality uncommonly well. Mr. Padriac Fallon's little programme, *Between the Two of Us*, a dialogue between John Synge's soul and body, which Mr. Rodgers produced, was much less happy. It lasted twenty minutes by the clock, but one felt that it had run for at least forty. It sounded pretentious, though I do not think it was in fact; it was simply bad radio: not even Mr. Cyril Cusack could make the solid phalanx of words which marched out of Synge and his ghost persuasive or dramatic; and it threw no new light on Synge himself. Mr. Richard Best's talk, *J. M. Synge in Paris*, on the other hand, was utterly delightful. One says "talk." It was not quite that, at least not in the technical sense. It was as though Mr. Rodgers and his recording gear had caught Mr. Best in the full spate of reminiscence, unrehearsed, uninhibited, completely unaffected and informal, an impression heightened by the sounds of glasses and drinking the microphone had also caught.

WILLIAM SALTER

## THE MOVIES

### "In the Name of the Law," at the Curzon
### "So Long at the Fair," at the Leicester Square

After its six-months' triumph at the Curzon the irreplaceable *Bicycle Thieves* is replaced by another Italian film, carrying a title that may seem a little outworn. The film is in fact a great deal better than its title. Two men meet at a deserted railway halt in Sicily; one exclaims to the other "You'll be so-and-so, the new magistrate"; he himself, with a wry grin, is outgoing; and so, on a reeling bus, we come to the arid saucer of country, the town with goats on shelving rocks in the square. All the peasant faces have the same curious unyielding stare. This is soon explained by a number of facts.

No case has come before the court for months; the Mafia, led by a rugged farmer, rule and murder scrupulously; the local mine has closed down, its owner finding gang-rule a convenient way of dealing with unrest. These discoveries imprint a locality and its people on us with swift effect: the apprehension of a fierce sombre race, closed of feature and with stiff springy gait, is so intense as almost to be frightening. What follows may disappoint a little. Instead of relying on character and atmosphere and the clash of the new magistrate's duties, the film goes whoring after more than one drama, till it includes a couple of love stories, half a dozen murders, the unemployed clamouring for their rights, and the Baron (him who closes mines) harbouring a young Chopin-playing wife and finding in jealousy an added relish for murder. It becomes tediously too much. Why must so many films that start off well try to pack in a whole novel, when the short story is their span? What a model in this, as in so many other respects, was *Bicycle Thieves!* I don't wish to give the impression that *In the Name of the Law* quite forfeits its good beginning: it doesn't. The background of people and landscape, of the town with its malevolent Baron, shrugging middle class, single café, and a lean turkey pecking the street, keeps its authenticity, and it is no fault of the chief actors if they fail to grow in interest. They play well within limits, and the whole piece, directed by Pietro Germi, has a sombre honesty of purpose that struggles hard with excess of strong situations.

*So Long at the Fair* is a romantic thriller about a young English girl who goes to Paris for the Exhibition of 1889 and in a hotel loses her brother, rather exorbitantly, for not only he but his room vanishes overnight. The extrication of this knot is laboured if ingenious, too little use is made of the Exhibition and too much of English patter abroad, and only the presence of Miss Jean Simmons with hair piled up at the back and in the prettiest of dresses and distress, should carry us through. But will it? Very appealing; but couldn't she occasionally, *do* a little more? The newsreel showed her receiving a 1949 Academy trophy for acting, but flowers, admirers' flowers, would have been better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

### Ceri Richards and Bryan Wynter, at the Redfern Gallery

It is easy to discover in Ceri Richards's recent paintings the influence of the later Matisse (in their colour and the details of their pattern) and Picasso (in the tendency of some of the painter's distortions)—easy, but in fact not very profitable, for there is much else to admire which these names would not immediately suggest. The first impression made by these large interiors is of a series of chords of colour, chords so rich and absolute that one is tempted to describe the pictures as flat and decorative. It is soon obvious, however, that the large area of a single colour which dominates nearly every composition is like a cyclorama and serves much the same purpose. Against this unifying screen of red, blue or mauve, the forms of figures, pianos, chairs or flowers operate in a complex dance of lines and planes. One compact unit is set within a larger and a looser one and musical analogies could be almost endlessly applied to their construction. It is also important not to neglect the titles of these pictures as they do not merely suggest a point of departure but describe what is happening. No. 11, for example, *Red Interior with Piano Music by Albeniz* does recreate the "colour" and rhythm of Spanish music, and a coil of material lying over the piano, one of the finest details in the show, is uncannily evocative. Ceri Richards's latest inquiry is into the play of light and shadow within a room and he has most successfully tackled what might be regarded as an impressionist theme in terms of his near-Matisse technique. In one of the best pictures in Bryan Wynter's third exhibition—*Romantic Landscape*—a huge full moon—mushroom-pink—stands over a Cornish landscape. A hillside with cottages is constructed in the terms of his severe, fastidious cubism, but the dark olive green of this passage is suffused with the moonlight. It is when Wynter's generalising language is thus enriched by his acute sense of place and time and by the particularities of his local scene, that he achieves a personal vision. There are a number of fine landscapes of this kind in the present show, of which the best is *Birds Disturbing a Sleeping Town*.

B.T.

### Serge Koussevitzky at the Albert Hall

Koussevitzky has at least three claims to the highest eminence: as virtuoso double-bass player, as virtuoso

conductor, and as munificent patron and champion of contemporary music. We hardly expected the L.P.O. to present him, at the Royal Albert Hall, in the first of these roles; but we certainly hoped, on his reappearance after fifteen years, to hear some of the fine American music which he has confidently played at Boston, and of which we continue sadly ignorant: for example, the extraordinarily beautiful *Appalachian Spring* of Aaron Copland, which would quickly make friends for itself among English audiences. Are we really so stupid that all we want to hear, from one of the world's leading conductors, is the threadbare Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky? Debussy's *La Mer* was more rewarding, though the conductor's skill was unable to conceal the gap in technical accomplishment (for instance, in the trumpet department) between our L.P.O. and the Boston Symphony Orchestra whose command he has just relinquished after twenty-five years. The most enjoyable part of his first Albert Hall concert came at the beginning: in a wonderfully spirited performance of Prokofiev's Classical Symphony, all sparkle, grace, precision and rhythmic verve; and in a reading of Mussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* Prelude which did full justice to the prismatic succession of colours in that lovely piece of tone-painting; during its final bars the audience held its breath for fear of missing the smallest gleam from the fast-vanishing picture. In these two works Koussevitzky drew some lovely soft playing from the orchestra (it is their fortissimos which are ugly), and revealed in himself a buoyancy and intensity of spirit unaffected by the passage of time. D. S.-T.

**Paintings by Bonnard, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco**

Until London can see a comprehensive Bonnard exhibition, we must be content with and very grateful for the present one, which is held in aid of the Artist's General Benevolent Fund. Born in 1867, Bonnard began to paint seriously in the 90's, a period uneasily poised between all that is characteristic of the nineteenth century and much that is now regarded as modern. In his art there are references to Impressionism (he called himself a late Impressionist) to Degas and the late Renoir, to Cézanne, Gauguin and the Fauves, and still every picture proves that he is not attached to any of these. It is the more difficult to arrive at his essence and consequently to prepare a representative exhibition because he was one of the least theoretical of painters. He never became a slave to his discoveries nor allowed them to degenerate into rules of procedure. Unlike Vuillard he preserved his innocence as well as his integrity. When a picture falls below his best it is not because he has become repetitive, but because his vision has temporarily slackened. There are none of the large *Collations* or *Petits Dejeuners*; only one picture in this exhibition—Mr. Edward le Bas' *Le Bol de Lait*—enables one to analyse his greatest powers as a designer. The focus of the picture, the form to which the eye is deliberately led, is a pot of anemones, the only object in the composition whose mass and weight is totally realised. The attraction of this sets everything else in the picture: the table, the standing figure of the woman and the view through the window, in its right perspective; they are all related to this dominant note of form and colour. This shows a profound resemblance between him and Matisse. The exhibition is more valuable in concentrating one's attention upon Bonnard's treatment of the relationship between light and colour. In No. 4—*Mediterranée* one looks out over the sea, as in a Monet of a similar subject. The sea is a dark, almost navy, blue. The glare of light is not flicked in with touches of broken colour over a prevailing blue in an impressionist way, but emanates from the intensity of that blue and from its relationship with a ragged triangle of white lying on the horizon and the orange circle of a parasol in foreground which is as explosive as a Van Gogh sun. There is no natural correspondence between the sky and the sea, which, in its green and ochre has a separate brightness. This is colour employed as a symbol of light and not as a means of describing its operation. In Nos. 10 and 12 we are in Cézanne's country and the motives could have been his, but unnatural pinks and violets recreate the brightness of the landscape. There is neither Cézanne's recession of carved forms nor the Impressionists' envelope of light, but a carpet of colour in perspective which abstracts and wonderfully combines light and colour. B. T.

**The Obel Company, at the Scala**

The "Ohel" Theatre of Tel Aviv is a child of the Habima Theatre of Moscow, and of Palestine. It has some of the characteristics of both. Its language, Hebrew, is of the new Israel, so is some of its repertory, for instance Stefan Zweig's *Jeremiah*. Elsewhere one can see the influence of Stanislavsky and the Russian theatre generally. There remains, perhaps most interesting of all, a folk element that stretches from old Warsaw to the Commercial Road. The Yiddish Theatre of all theatres in Europe was last to keep the old simplicity, of the notion that singing and acting are talents that naturally go together. The Hebrew Theatre has kept this spirit. *The Witch* for instance by A. Goldfaden (described the other night as the father of Jewish theatre) is the sort of piece that could often be seen in the Commercial Road—a folk comedy with music. The music is unpretentious. The chorus sings in unison to a fiddle and a piano. The principals sing their folk tunes with all the "go" and apparent ingenuousness of Marie Lloyd. An actor like S. Zechoval who is Jeremiah one night, next night puts across his engaging act as the butcher in a Petroushka-like market-place. Moshe Halvey frames this fifty year old folk musical in a more sophisticated setting. He makes it a play within a play. His effects are often charming, they seldom spoil the freshness of the native form, and often give it a reviving touch. M. S.

**"The Hat Trick," at the Duke of York's**

When Cyril Agthorne, a (quite incongruously) class-conscious demobbed spiv, arrives at the Fentons' plushy ménage in St. John's Wood and demands either a loan in cash or indefinite bed and board because he has saved young Philip Fenton's life in a Japanese P.o.W. camp, he creates a social situation. When he wooes and (quite improbably) wins Miss Prudence Fenton, he creates a family problem. And when he (quite unconvincingly) persuades Robert Fenton to abandon his sur-taxed income from best-sellers and "do a Gauguin" among "real" manual workers, he creates a marital crisis which would daunt many a wife in the neighbourhood of Lord's. But not Edith Fenton. Having bowled with guile and deadly effect for the Women of England, she has no difficulty in disposing of her daughter's infatuation, her husband's *Wanderlust* and her unwanted guest's intrusion without a run—unless one counts £2,000 of Robert's easy money—scored against her. Indeed Gladys Cooper, whose accomplished acting it is pleasant once more to see in London, persuades us that Mrs. Fenton could have dismissed more redoubtable adversaries than the unsubstantial figures round which Mr. Thomas Browne has built his not very solid comedy. Unevenly acted, *The Hat Trick* is amusing enough in a slightly snobbish way; but it lacks the sincerity of good satire, the realism of true wit. A. V.

**"The White Eagles," at the Embassy**

It is possible (as Galsworthy demonstrated) to build a play round the conflict between aristocrat and *parvenu*. The power of the old gods (Welsh vintage) to bring disasters down on the heads of alien intruders can be turned (as it was by Brett Young) to effective account. Local reactions—greed *versus* outraged, high-falutin' nationalism—provoked by the erection of a Holiday Camp within sight of Snowdon could doubtless serve (with some risk, perhaps, of writs for libel from Mr. Butlin) as theme for a roaring farce in the manner of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Unfortunately, the author of *The White Eagles* was apparently quite unable to decide what sort of play she was writing. Lady Arvon, impoverished owner of the "sacred" site on the Snowdonian coast, capitulates in Act I and agrees to sell—apparently because she divines in Mr. Burnham a heart of gold and a rich streak of sentimentality. The old gods give the Campers' Napoleon an excuse for some high-powered telephoning to Harley Street, but thereafter fizzle out. Wild Wales is saved in the end, not because the starry-eyed young nationalist sets fire to the (adequately insured) Camp, nor even by virtue of the Town and Country Planning Act, but because Lady Arvon discovers Mr. Burnham's little vanity: he has published, though colour-blind, an authoritative monograph (ghosted) on the Italian Primitives! With this tissue of reach-me-down unrealities a talented cast do their best. Reginald Tate, as the self-made man from Leeds, is slick and as human as his lines allow; Olwen (Jenny Laird) rightly compensates him for reprieving the Druidic ghosts. Mary Clare, in the colourless part of Lady Arvon, entertains with grace the press of persons who so continuously, and unaccountably, fill her drawing-room. A. V.

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# Correspondence

## FEATHER-BEDDING AND EXPLOITATION

SIR,—Labour has lost the confidence and the support of the rural areas and until it gets them back it has almost no hope of retaining power. May I now make a few suggestions based on knowledge of actual conditions?

First of all, the Ministry of Food should drop the excuse that the scarcity of fruit and vegetables is due to a combination of drought and iniquitous middlemen. It is the direct consequence of a policy which used immense quantities of largely unnecessary imports to repress the home producer's income and destroy his standard of living. Thousands of producers have gone out of business, and the vegetable acreage has shrunk by at least one-third, with the result that prices have gone up to scarcity levels.

Second. The Government should preserve a sense of balance in its treatment of food production. Mr. Evans, in his muddled way, was trying to make out what should have been an unanswerable case. It is stupid to placate the big interests in agriculture by extravagant price concessions while killing off the fishermen and the horticulturists. It is politically insane, for the horticulturists, now being organised into co-operatives, can influence at least a million votes, and the fishing vote, particularly in Scotland, has an even wider spread. The N.F.U. is and will be Tory to the end of time, but the horticulturists and the fishermen voted for Labour very largely in 1945 and abstained in 1950. It is only elementary justice that the excessive guarantees offered to the N.F.U. should be reduced in favour of some measure of security granted to horticulture and fishing.

Third. The Ministry of Food should remove all restrictions on legitimate trading in horticultural produce. It still refuses to producers' co-operatives, for example, licences to buy potatoes, and forces them to deal with wholesalers' combines.

Fourth. A little public information might be in order. Licences to import all or anything are being issued by the Ministry direct or in combination with other Ministries. In common with other victims of this game, I want to know certain essential things. They are names of licensees, quantities, countries of origin, import cost and selling price of the article in question, distribution and time of sale. With that information, we can begin to plan our marketing and introduce

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some order into the chaos which the Government terms a food policy.

Fifth. A small infusion of honesty and consistency would be extremely welcome. The plain truth is that the devaluation of sterling combined with the elimination of the home producer has raised the price of imports to a fantastic level. I give the average values shown in the returns for March. They are: apples from Canada (heavily State-subsidised) £40 per ton; pears from S. Africa £100 per ton; plums from S. Africa £120 per ton; cauliflowers etc., £50 per ton; lettuce £120 per ton; onions £40 per ton, and carrots £80 per ton. The control prices imposed on the home producer were £25 for onions, and about £10 for carrots; and will be, at the beginning of the new apple season, £42 per ton. The howl about the high prices of fruit and vegetables means that the exploitation of the home producer is now being replaced by exploitation of the consumer by the Ministry of Food and the importers it has licensed.

HUGH QUIGLEY

Melchet Park Farm,
Sherfield English, Hants.

## DRUG STORE BOOKS

SIR,—Mr. W. E. Williams' "London Diary" paragraph about facilities granted to an American publisher of paper-covered books needs, I think, a little elaboration in order that the full facts may be appreciated.

The announcement from the E.C.A. (Marshall Aid) Mission to the U.K. stated that the New York firm known as Pocket Books Inc. would organise a British subsidiary with initial paid-in capital of 125,000 dollars, and that under a guaranty contract Pocket Books will be able to convert into dollars not only this original investment but also possible earnings of 93,750 dollars. The announcement went on to claim that the project will "save dollar imports for the U.K.", that it will "establish in the U.K. the publication and distribution of low-cost reprints" and that it is "expected to result in substantial exports including those to Canada and other hard-currency areas."

Now as the import of paper-covered books from hard-currency countries is strictly forbidden owing to the dollar shortage, how can this scheme "save dollar imports for the U.K."? Moreover, to allow 218,750 dollars to leave the U.K. in return for an investment of 125,000 dollars seems a strange way of saving dollars.

As for the announcement's other claims, British low-priced editions are already firmly established here. Penguin Books, Pan Books and other similar series not only supply as many millions of copies as the home market can absorb, but also export a large proportion of their output. Further, much of this export trade is done with hard-currency countries. In Canada, indeed, Pocket Books compete advantageously with British series, as they are produced cheaply on the spot; it is therefore unlikely that British-produced Pocket Books will be exported to Canada.

British publishers are in no sense afraid of fair and straightforward competition. But why should it be officially pretended that a favour is being conferred on Britain by the establishment here of an American company, backed by E.C.A. guaranty, to operate in markets that have for years been fully served by British publishers?

Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., has raised the matter in Parliament, but his Question received a very evasive answer from the Minister of State for Economic Affairs.

GEORGE KAMM,
*Director*
Pan Books Ltd.,
8 Headfort Place, London, S.W.1.

## OPENCAST COAL MINING

SIR,—May I add some comments to the interesting story of Opencast by Mr. Mervyn Jones?

He states that the number of sites and amount of coal extracted will lessen this year. In fact, the Ministry of Fuel and Power have only recently announced the intention to requisition a further 30,000 acres of agricultural land and to extract from it 45,000,000 tons of coal.

Mr. Jones should have dwelt a little on the discomforts and misery of whole village communities for periods of five or more years while opencast mining goes on—the 24-hour-a-day blasting, the rumble and creak of the huge machinery (particularly at night), the dust in summer, the effect of constant heavy explosions on the fabrics of country cottages, the damage caused to roads by unusually heavy traffic and the disruption of water supplies.

I cannot altogether agree that opencast is without dangers. Very recently two men were killed on a site by a sudden fall of rock, and an inspector of sites alleged that he had developed pneumoconiosis while carrying out his job.

The service opencast has rendered is a doubtful one. It has given the underground miners a reputation for producing more dirty coal than is strictly true, though the 25,000,000 tons of dirt sold last year by the National Coal Board for about £60,000,000 must have largely come from the mines (100,000 tons in one week in October from the Northern Division). Thinking economists know that the great sums spent on machinery for opencast work (£7,000,000 in dollars in 1946 alone) could have been better spent on mechanising the pits crying out for modernised methods. The wartime experiments in burning dirty fuel should have ceased in 1945.

Mr. Jones is quite wrong in saying that complete farms are never requisitioned and that land on the coal measures is not the best. A complete prize farm in Derbyshire was requisitioned last year; Lancashire, Durham, and Shropshire farms have suffered the same fate; others have been cut into completely uneconomic units. The most recent example of first-class land about to go is some farmed by Mr. Leslie Ottewell of Pentyrch. 190 acres of a first-class Northumberland farm is scheduled. Mr. Robens should know about this, for it is in his constituency.

It is an astounding fact that the Government only recognised a case for compensation in January this year, and that only at increased rental for the land worked. A certain Cheshire smallholder will in future receive £72 a year for the loss of half his holding instead of £24 previously paid. This represents about half his turnover before the land was disturbed.

One obviously cannot generalise about soil restoration. As Mr. Jones says, there have been patches of waste or marginal land put back better than they were before (they could not, in fact, have been put back worse), but the objections raised, particularly in Derbyshire, where 9,000 acres have been requisitioned, and in Durham concern the restoration of once fertile fields, fertile in the sense that they will produce exactly three times the quantity of wheat per acre that can be grown in America. Topsoil cannot be buried in huge mounds for up to five years without losing its living bacterial and ecological content. The process of restoration involves compacting the dead earth with tremendously heavy machinery and the result is so very often an impermeable mass, lacking humus, that cannot be ploughed or drained. So states the Derby County Agricultural Advisor, and he should know. In Yorkshire, it is true, the energy of some farmers has resulted in some better restoration, but this is not widespread through the seventeen counties affected.

I doubt whether permanent loss of fertility will ensue everywhere, though it is said that it takes 1,000 years for nature to create an inch of topsoil, but it is certain that the farmers concerned have a serious problem to solve. Ley farming, the best practical method and most suited to the nation's requirements, is impossible on reinstated soil, and costly experiments are beyond the ordinary farmer's means. I think Mr. Jones unconsciously hits the nail on the head with his analogy of the motorist unaware that he was passing at 50 m.p.h. through land restored from opencasting. He would have to get out of his car and walk over the field in question. The fact that a field is flat and green has deceived many journalists who were not soil chemists.

Subsidence is occurring now in fields de-requisitioned three years ago, and for this reason it is sad that there is no reference to opencast methods in the Mining Subsidence Bill at present before Parliament, largely due to ignorance in Parliamentary circles.

The lord of an ancestral manor may like a coal fire of an evening, though he might have to economise and burn wood in the grate; but the belted earl in his palace and the factory worker in his council house both need home-grown food, our biggest single dollar saving asset. Those 45,000,000 tons of opencast coal will last nine weeks; when it is burnt there lie only the stony ashes, nothing of value. 30,000 more acres of farmland seem a dreadful sacrifice.

DAVID ENGLEHEART

Kinlet Hall, Bewdley,
Worcs.

## LABOUR DYNAMIC

SIR,—In discussing election prospects in a recent issue you say: "What the Labour Party needs is a new dynamic, and it will not get it by clinging to office." The debate inside the party about "radicalism" versus "consolidation," and its variant formulations, is becoming distinctly malodorous; and at least one Labour supporter finds it hard to distinguish smells of stagnation from whiffs of MacDonaldism. Socialist policy to date has been concerned mainly with the equalisation and redistribution of income. It is perhaps time to suggest that a drive to increase the absolute size of our national income


# British Airmanship

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

The past 31 years have seen not only the development of British airlines from the first London-Paris service to a vast network covering nearly 70 countries, but also the steady maturing of something beyond machines and scientific progress. Throughout Britain and the world this has come to be known as British Airmanship and already it has earned a significance comparable with that which traditionally attaches to British Seamanship.

British Airmanship sums up the reputation for skill, enterprise and reliability which in just over a generation of air travel has become inseparably associated with British airmen—something, indeed, to be proud of.

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should also become an aim. Can we afford to continue to sit and wait patiently for the economic machine to increase national productivity by only 5 per cent. per annum? Ought we not to feel ashamed of the fact that French productivity is increasing at double that rate?

According to the Government's *Economic Survey* we are devoting only 22 per cent. of our national income to net capital formation in manufacturing, mining and public utilities. France is devoting much more. The *per capita* rate of investment for persons employed in these industries is twice as high in France and four times as high in the United States. It may be remembered that such a lag is cumulative.

One thing at least is now clear: Britain's wealth is smaller than Socialists imagined it to be before the war. We believed that the cake was large and that, properly divided, the slices would be succulent. Now the cake is more evenly divided, but the slices are still pitifully small. Hitherto we have confined our Socialist programme to the destruction of social evils. It is time for the production of wealth. We must rid ourselves of our timid approach to investment planning. Even now "targets" are becoming merely "estimates." Yet there is much to be said for an honest forthright "Five-Year Plan."

The function of British Socialism, in my view, is the maximisation of choice. Increasing investment is an indispensable means to this end. It is a Socialist ideal worthy of debate and a criterion in the light of which the necessity for nationalisation, control and State enterprise can be judged.

The difficulty of diverting more factors from consumption to investment must not be under-estimated. It will require further curbing of consumption-spending for a time. If pursued with courage, the ultimate gains are immense: internal wealth and external stability. The sacrifices of such temporarily curbed consumption must be equitably distributed. Too much human happiness is involved for us to allow certain sections of the Opposition to achieve greater "flexibility" and "liberation of resources" through the miseries of deflation and unemployment.

There is no lack of a dynamic. What we need is political courage.

I. ALEXANDER

Oxford.

## POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—I am not competent to express any opinion on Mr. Rothstein's scholarship, but your correspondents seem to have greatly over-simplified the question of academic freedom involved. The difficulties confronting University teachers wishing to take part in political life arise from the rapidly increasing rigidity of party doctrinal discipline.

1. The University teacher must be free to come to any conclusion on a problem which he feels warranted by the evidence and the methods he uses. He must be able to do this without fear of purge or rebuke. A majority resolution of any political party, scientific or learned society, or University governing body must be treated as completely irrelevant. He must be free to question any assumption and, if he breaks fresh ground, it may well be that at first his view will be contrary to received opinion even in his own subject.

2. Membership of a highly organised political party with a rigid political discipline may destroy his academic freedom. This is particularly true if the party has a far-reaching philosophy covering a wide field of knowledge and imposes on its members a discipline requiring them to hold particular views in biology, music, poetry, history or economics.

3. A university teacher's duty to his students is not limited to presenting a balance of pros and cons. It goes very much deeper. His chief hope must be that his students will learn from him honest and precise investigation, independence of judgment, and to question assumptions, including his own; that their own original work will in due course, by carrying things further, make his own seem inadequate and out-moded. He cannot communicate this vital stimulus if his own right to form conclusions is jeopardised by some external authority.

4. The authorities of the School of Slavonic Studies did not deprive Mr. Rothstein of his academic freedom; he had already surrendered it voluntarily.

P. FORD

University College,
Southampton.

SIR,—Mr. Beloff ingeniously turns the question of Mr. Rothstein's appointment into one of confidence in the Council and Director of the School of Slavonic Studies; at the same time he asserts that "success" for the "hue and cry" will mean that Communists will have a privileged position in our universities. The latter suggestion is, I suppose, a bit of debating rhetoric, but the effect of both is to distract our attention from the real particular issue.

No one wishes to "frustrate" the efforts of the authorities of the School to continue with the work of building up a large and vigorous group of departments. But here is a man whose appointment is not renewed on the grounds of faulty scholarship; while his closer colleagues, those in the department of History, consider his scholarship to be considerable enough, and his contribution to teaching valuable enough, to protest against the decision to dispense with his services. In this protest the students concur. Few people know this type of work, and the personalities concerned, well enough to come to a clear decision on the issue. But many see in this conflict of opinion over so slippery a matter as research in the field of Soviet history and institutions sufficient reason to feel anxiety over the action of the Council of the School—at a time when it would be foolish to pretend there is not a widespread prejudice against the appointment of Communists.

The issue is one that affects all our universities, and has inevitably been widely discussed. I was one of a substantial minority at the Council of the Association of University Teachers who considered that there was at least a *prima facie* case for asking the University of London to inquire into the circumstances of the non-renewal of Mr. Rothstein's appointment, and this view has very considerable support.

ROY PASCAL

17 Rotton Park Road,
Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16.

## A SETTER HOAXED?

SIR,—Has Mr. Shaw begun plagiarizing himself? Close students of his works must have noticed that, except for the opening sentences, his alleged entry for Competition No. 1,055 was taken word for word from his *Everybody's Political What's What?* (pp. 325-6).

I suggest that the entry was not his at all, and that his statement to a *Daily Herald* interviewer that he did not remember going in for the competition was well-founded. Perhaps the hoaxer will now confess to the perpetration of a practical joke.

ALLAN M. LAING

19 Wavertree Nook Road, Liverpool, 15.

[Mr. Shaw confirms Mr. Laing's supposition and adds that the consolation prize awarded to him should be "given to the gentleman who successfully impersonated him." We apologise, only pleading in extenuation that the offending entry bore an excellent forgery of Mr. Bernard Shaw's familiar signature. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## ITALIAN INDUSTRY

SIR,—Thanking you for having published my letter I shall be grateful if you will allow me to rectify a statement of Mr. Davidson. Edison has never asked nor has any intention of asking any assistance or guarantee from the Government. The electrical rates are blocked and the electrical industry is only asking to be allowed better to balance its rates with its costs because the rates are still at a level of 24 times the pre-war ones, whilst the costs are at a level of 60 times the pre-war ones.

PIERO FERRERIO

Societa Edison, Milan.

## A. B. WALKLEY

SIR,—I am engaged in a study of A. B. Walkley, formerly Dramatic Critic of *The Times*, and would be most grateful if anyone with letters or information that might be of interest would write to me.

I should return any such letters immediately.

DAVID GRAY

Moss Grove, Kingswinford,
Nr. Dudley.

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# Books in General

On the seventieth page of Blake's *Jerusalem* three hateful forms, named Bacon and Newton and Locke (who plot "to devour Albion's Body of Humanity and Love"), walk in a downland landscape under a trilithon, part of one of the "Stony Druid Temples" which in Blake's symbolism spread "thro' the earth from the wide plain of Salisbury." Wordsworth, crossing the Plain came to Stonehenge and wrote that perhaps it had witnessed the giant wicker rearing for sacrifice—a Druid sacrifice—"its throngs of living men." The Dean having said Yes among the perfumed lilacs of Salisbury Close, the lover of Patmore's *Angel in the House* took the ladies to picnic at Stonehenge; happy, in love, he commented on "the Druid rocks" which "scowl'd their chill gloom" on to the party. Henry James, I have no doubt, had Druids in his head when he felt the "pathless vaults of history" beneath him at Stonehenge; and so it went on, Druids and Stonehenge, Druids and Avebury, oak, mistletoe, mystery and sacrifice—so it goes on still in a thousand minds; a tribute in chief to the weavings of William Stukeley; whose life has now been written.*

A doctor, an F.R.S. and first secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, Stukeley founded an antiquarian club in 1722 to study Roman Britain. It was called the "Society of Roman Knights." Each member had an antique title—Lord Winchelsea, husband of the poetess, was Cingetorix after one of the Belgic chieftains, Stukeley was Chyndonax the Druid. The club met at the Fountain Tavern and Stukeley told the members their business.

> With what grief (he began) have these eyes seen the havoc, the desolation, the fate of Roman works, owing to the delusion and abominable superstitions of cloyster'd nuns and fryers. . . . Whilst others are busying themselves to restore their Gothic Remnants, the glory is reserved for you to adorn and preserve the truly noble monuments of the Romans in Britain.

Gothicism was on the way; yet this particular opposition need not surprise Professor Piggott so much. Stukeley, he shows, already had his Gothic inclinations in architecture, but Palladian architecture, severe, Roman, classical, was flourishing under the young Lord Burlington; and one of Stukeley's friends was that "Burlington Harry" or Henry Flitcroft, the architect Lord Burlington patronised.

At 36, then, Stukeley is ambivalently a Romanist in love with Gothic; he approvingly detects a resemblance between the cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral and a walk of trees, but he believes Gothic enthusiasm needs control. He is a Druid, but there is warrant for the Druids in Roman writings; and if he is already aware that neither Avebury nor Stonehenge could have been a Roman temple, both at least had been declared Roman.

By middle age he has fathered the wildest Druidic origins of Avebury and Stonehenge, he is in the Gothic swim, he designs a Gothic bridge for the Duke of Montagu (whom he persuades to have serpentine as well as straight ridings through his woods) and as a counter to Addison in the 415th *Spectator* he goes to York Minster and "must needs prefer it to the Pantheon itself." He has penetrated "the secret of religious antiquity." In other words until he is thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, until 1725, Chyndonax the Druid satisfies his archaeological biographer as an O. G. S. Crawford in embryo. He has ridden the country from Silchester to the Roman Wall. He has been attracted again and again to Stonehenge and Avebury. But from 1725—*eheu*! He begins to change; to ponder upon himself, Avebury, Stonehenge, himself and life. In 1729 he is ordained; he uses Crawfordism against rational infidelity; and his archaeological biographer is shocked—and puzzled—by his irrational apostasy.

Is it a puzzle? Or is there a certain innocence in writing that Stukeley's new "approach to archaeology," coupled with ordination and marriage, was not "a natural evolution in thought and mood, but rather the result of some psychological disturbance?"

Since he first visited Avebury in 1719, Stukeley had certainly been an astonishing observer. Professor Piggott notes how he observed in the corn at Great Chesterford the outline of a Roman building, describing for the first time one of those crop-marks made familiar to us by air photography and the wit of Mr. Crawford. He observes prehistoric square-plots on the uplands of Wiltshire and Dorset, he draws the first section of a barrow; and in a "mood of sane, scientific, accurate observation" he makes descriptions, plans, drawings of neglected Avebury which have been invaluable to the scientific archaeologist.

And next? First he has *gathered*—out of a love of times past, sharpened by his temperament and emphasised by the days he lived in. Then he begins—Part One of the process which puzzles his biographer—he begins to fit his evidence together in an explanation. Part Two—he is between thirty and forty: he has reached that time when a man must justify his pursuits and find a meaning for his life. Part Three—the age he was living through was moving from an Augustan rationality into what we—and Professor Piggott—too compactly call "romanticism," in religion from deism to a revived mysticism, in architecture from Chiswick House towards Fonthill, in gardening from the formal towards Woburn Abbey, in painting from Stubbs to Turner, or in poetry from Dryden to *Jerusalem* or *The Ancient Mariner*.

All these parts issue as naturally as can be in Stukeley's *Stonehenge, A Temple Restored to the British Druids* (1740) and in the *Abury, a Temple of the British Druids*. In an uncritical period, boxed beneath Archbishop Ussher's 4004 B.C. for the date of the creation, an amiable man of easily affected credulity had to form his ideas as best he could. Stukeley believed deism must be combated: he must combat deism with the things he knew—Avebury and Stonehenge.

The idealisation of the Druids had begun before Stukeley's birth. John Aubrey and Toland the deist, moreover, had linked the Druids and the stone circles. Mix the two, and there was the odd baggonet against learned unbelief. The Frenchman Samuel Bochart explained in 1646 how Gaul had been repeopled after the Flood by the "Phoenicians"; from such sources Stukeley convinced himself that the Druids were also part of such an "oriental colony." They too were Phoenicians. Their leader was Hercules, son of Demarus, King of Tyre; he had landed at Hartland Point and probably built the Cornish circle of Boscawen-Un. By isolation the purity of their worship had been maintained: "The true religion has chiefly, since the repeopling of mankind after the flood, subsisted in our island."

Avebury was therefore a serpent temple of these good Druids (transformed out of the pagan Druids of the classical writers—bloody knives and wicker cages pushed aside); and the Beckhampton Avenue (which may or may not exist at Avebury) was now the serpent's tail issuing from the circle. Everything was plain:

> The form of that stupendous work is a picture of the Deity, more particularly of the Trinity, but most particularly what they anciently called the Father and the Word, who created all things. . . . A snake proceeding from a circle is the eternal procession of the Son, from the first cause.

Stukeley's intent was not only to preserve these circles in danger of ruin: he wished to promote "the knowledge and practice of ancient and true Religion," he wished

> to warm our hearts into that true sense of Religion, which keeps the medium between ignorant superstition and learned free-thinking, between enthusiasm and the rational worship of God, which no where upon earth done, in my judgement, better than in the Church of *England*.

There is no puzzle, no "*obscure* psychological disturbance." Stukeley was clear about his life. He was, he wrote, "a person of curiosity, who had spent a series of years in the metropolis to cultivate his mind in the circle of the sciences." He had quitted the Town in 1726 and

> secreted himself for a while, from the great, the learned and the noble of his acquaintance, for the serene pleasures of solitude, and contemplation. There the inbred seeds of religion blosom'd with fresh vigour, and formed in him a resolution of betaking himself to the sacred function: that by inoculating the knowledge of secular upon divine learning, he might produce fruits more useful to the world.

I see no reason for poking fun at this confession; even if in the great cause he cheated a little. As the Duke of Montagu's ridings must not be all straight but some of them winding, so a snake's head is more convincing oval than circular. He had surveyed the circles at Avebury as true circles, which they are. For the book he re-drew them as oval; he equipped the symbolic snake with a head nearer to nature.

The man is indeed a concentration of his time and also of the spirit of antiquarianism, yes, of archaeology. Even the modern scientific archaeologist begins with a sense of wonder: he is prone by his beginnings to a lack of mental discipline, and therein much of his energy is coiled. Coleridge wrote that his early love of Boehme helped to keep alive the heart in the head, always a necessary thing. Heady with their

* *William Stukeley: An Eighteenth Century Antiquary*. By Stuart Piggott. *Oxford University Press*. 18s.

new science, archaeologists are rather ungratefully severe about such heartful men as Stukeley, whose bad luck it was to have been born before Pitt-Rivers, pollen analysis and spectrography. Who should complain? Even Druidism entwined with Avebury has stoked up archaeological inquiry. Who should know that better than Professor Piggott?

Outside archaeology, the Chyndonaxian romance has had its bizarre yet not always despicable consequences. Blake is not the only poet it has worked upon; though Stukeley would have been abashed (still, Blake was crazy) at the way his findings were reversed and Druidism and its "masses of stone in order'd forms" were made to symbolise deism instead of being a blast against deism. Stukeley too has begotten the Eisteddfod (and later, if I may trail a coat, the compound dottiness of the Cornish Gorsedd). He has begotten the legalising of cremation, through the Druidic fervours of that Dr. Price who determined to cremate his son Jesus Christ at Llantrisant in 1884. He has begotten the patter of guides in the Chislehurst Caves; he brings the Ancient Order of Druids to Stonehenge on Midsummer Eve.

Blake long dead, he is active still on the eccentric fringes of poetry in which among older and younger (see Mr. Eliot on Blake) a "certain meanness of culture" is apparent. Stonehenge, a living neo-romantic affirmed, "belongs probably to Lugh lam-fada, 'of the long hand,' the son of Remoteness." That species of Stukeley—alive—alive-o we may regret, since Stonehenge and Avebury are every bit as moving when Celts and Druids have been expelled and when they are properly restored to the Beaker folk of the Early Bronze Age. Still—Serpent Temples, Druids, Upas Trees, Aeolian Harps, sham ruins and follies, all the family of mental toys and fabrications thrown up by the re-warming of the heart—they have done us good as well as ill. Chyndonax the Druid as well as Stukeley the field-archaeologist-before-his-time have shared in bringing Professor Piggott and Mr. Keiller to the investigation of Avebury; and to the professor's credit he is equivocal at least about *his* begetter. A little guardedly there is even a love affair between them.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

## SICILIENNE

What we are saying dies in gin
Your face is caught in lines of stress
And we are back where we came in.

It is much easier to sin
Than to act out our loneliness.
What we are saying dies in gin.

Electrons of your beauty spin
Your pattern and my giddiness
And we are back where we came in.

Like angels we crowd on a pin
And thought is beaten to a guess.
What we are saying dies in gin.

While platitudes suborn the din
I curse the poise and *politesse*
And we are back where we came in.

The best we hazard is a grin
That shrinks the heart from small to less.
What we are saying dies in gin
And we are back where we came in.

RONALD BOTTRALL

## POLITICAL DYNASTIES

**Pitt v. Fox: Father and Son.** By ERICH EYCK. *Bell.* 21s.

There are two types of historical writing, both valuable—the original contribution and the summary of the work of others. Mr. Eyck is a writer of the latter kind, with a high ability to reduce an enormous subject to manageable proportions. It is no reproach to him to say that he has never seen, or at least never used, a manuscript. If he had done so, he would have been an historian of different character and would have chosen different subjects. His large life of Bismarck, which he published in German during the war, was only made possible by his adherence to the printed sources. Everything in it was known before; but it had never been put together. His "quadruple" biography (surely a record) of Henry and Charles Fox, of William Pitt father and son, is of the same character. Everything in it could be learnt by reading a dozen or so books on the subject; nowhere else could it be learnt so conveniently. Views on the political history of the eighteenth century are changing rapidly; and the older books of a popular kind are now much out of date. Even Mr. Eyck is a little behind the times; but only ten years instead of half a century. In addition, the translation achieves a rare excellence; apart from an occasional harshness, typical of German writing, it reads like an English original.

Mr. Eyck's book starts with the entry of Henry Fox and the elder Pitt into Parliament in 1735; it ends with the death of Charles James Fox in 1806. Every important political event of these seventy years is brought in; and there is still room for more personal biography, a masterpiece of compression. On the whole Mr. Eyck has absorbed the Namier version of eighteenth-century politics. He still hankers a little after the old idea of a "two-party system," and is often tempted to label the critics and the discontented "Tories"; but generally he remembers that this is forbidden fruit. He even knows that the younger Pitt did not win the general election of 1784 by a spontaneous revolt of public opinion. He does not know how a Whig party, with real cohesion if not real principles, came into existence later in the century; but then neither does anyone else—Professor Namier has not yet extended his range, as once promised, to the Rise of Party. Occasionally he misses a point, perhaps when it is not clearly stressed in his authority. Thus he does not appreciate that Henry Fox's career was ruined by the loss of Minorca—a defeat as symbolical and exaggerated as the failure at the Dardanelles in the first German war. Henry Fox had been the predestined successor of Walpole at one remove (Henry Pelham intervening); instead he became the scapegoat for national humiliation and failure—this must surely be the explanation for his change from being universally liked to being one of the most hated figures in eighteenth-century politics. After that he decided very sensibly to go in for making money, always a consolation for a broken heart in politics as in love.

Curiously enough Mr. Eyck is better with the elder Pitt than with Henry Fox, and the other way round when he comes to their sons. He is excellent on Chatham as war leader; but excellent on him, too, as the neurotic and impossible Prime Minister in time of peace. Of course Chatham was such a good performer, it is difficult to get him wrong—so long as you remember that there are times to hiss as well as times to applaud. The younger Pitt receives Mr. Eyck's dislike and even disapproval. He censures his friends; censures his attitude to George III; censures, most of all, his refusal to co-operate with Charles James Fox. There is a simple explanation: Mr. Eyck has been bewitched by Fox, bewitched by his personality, bewitched by his "liberalism." And of course there is something in it. Fox was bewitching; he had "liberal" ideas and defended many causes dear to liberals of the nineteenth century (of whom Mr. Eyck is spiritually one). Moreover in England, when a war is over, those who opposed it usually end up with all the credit—look at the boasted hindsight now displayed by our anti-Russians. Charles Fox consistently opposed the wars with France; and Mr. Eyck reproduces his most eloquent passages. All the same, was lasting peace any more possible with Napoleon than with Hitler?

These are matters of interpreration which do not weaken the main virtues of the book. If there is a fault, it lies rather in the lack of what one might call a general psychological approach to any of the four subjects. The reader knows at the end what they did; he has not much idea what they were like, except that Chatham was often mad and Charles Fox always charming—but even this is learnt more from the portraits reproduced in the book than from the text. It is obvious that the younger Pitt inherited a confidence and arrogance from his father, the greatest political figure of the century. But what did Charles Fox inherit from Henry? Was there, for instance, an inherited element in his rivalry with the younger Pitt? Did he display liberal idealism as an unconscious repudiation of his father's reputation for corruption? Mr. Eyck does not raise these questions; and the reader will be left puzzling. But he will have had all the pleasure of an agreeable and competent narrative.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## TURGENEV

**First Love and Rudin.** By IVAN TURGENEV. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.

This volume is the twenty-ninth in the Novel Library, and four more titles are announced: which is enough for carping and speculation. And both, of course, were unavoidable. At this stage, any possible collection of the "best novels" would set one asking: What is the principle? Why give such preference to So-and-so? And why choose *that* book? The objections would be varied and inconsistent, and, in fact, my sympathy is all on the other side. But still—there has to be a *but*: I do think the present series is too much on the beaten path. It would have the look of a debating point to say the choice must be hackneyed, since the world's best novels are those they are. But if, for instance, they include *The Master of Ballantrae*, then we could easily go further and not fare worse. This Library has yet to go beyond France and Russia—unchallenged sources, but the world is a good deal wider, and all the rest of it is fresher. There are vintage novels to be found in Italy, a step off the track. Another step, and Scandinavia provides a whole cluster of them, diverse and little known—and *short*, which seems to be a main point. As well it might be, when the form is so cheap and handy. These attractions are not too limiting; the series can digest a good solid work, but the leviathans appear to stick in its throat. At least that would explain the choice of Tolstoy and the absence of Dostoevsky, and perhaps the number of long short-stories, and yet again perhaps the fact that Jane Austen has so marked a lead. It may even possibly account for *Great Expectations*—the only Dickens on the list; and I can think of nothing to account for *Rob Roy*, the only Scott, unless it happens to be undersized. But if length does count, and if the strictly best is not always practical, there is more space and reason to attempt a more varied diet. Of course, it may be truly said that people don't want a change, and only care to know what they know already. But still they *can* acquire a new taste, if the approach is robbed of effort and the taste itself guaranteed pure. These modest little volumes, with their high company and their persuasive introductions, would be just the right vehicle.

But so far they have kept the path, and we are now at Turgenev. Admittedly there had to be some Turgenev. His claims are undeniable, and then he writes within compass; in a little book he can be represented twice over. By those who know, we are assured that foreigners lose the

best part of him, yet his stock abroad has always been very high. It is a kind of paradox: without that rare charm of style, that "beautiful caressing Russian" they all talk of, he has been more admired than with the style thrown in. Because his novels are superlative by foreign standards? It may be so, and I have tried to see it. But all in vain; even when his talents and graces were in full play, beneath the surface I was thinking: What is the matter with him?

Not, certainly, the fact that he is neither Tolstoy nor Dostoevsky—though it has been used in evidence by some hostile critics. A novelist can be as minor as you please, yet unreservedly a Good Thing. Peacock, for example, can defy all comers—why not Turgenev?

I suspect the answer (for those who need one) will be found quite close to what is chiefly said in his praise, and what Lord David Cecil tells us yet again: He is an artist, and he knows how to write a novel. Unquestionably. With Turgenev everything is under control; he has the great art of refining on all his gifts, deploying them tastefully and stretching them to the very utmost. If not a little farther; but the limit would be too far. This careful stretching underlines the flaw it has to make good—a certain languor at the source, a want of creative energy. Theme is a bother to him and is apt to defeat his judgment, and in detail his effects are worn out by repetition. Even the landscapes, so natural and charming, so deeply felt and beautifully sketched, may come to chafe one by their punctual appearance. "A lovely woman in a rural spot"—how he works that formula! Often it seems a pity that he felt obliged to take on the needs of Russia, the Russian destiny and so forth: an alien and heavy charge on creative art. Yet if that compulsion had been lifted, what would he have done instead? Contrived a further series of rendezvous in the lap of Nature?

This is one-sided, and, of course, unjust. His range is wider than I have implied, and at the best he is wonderful. Though as examples of the best, I should not pick on *First Love* or *Rudin*.

About *First Love* one can't say much, and almost nothing can be said against it. The art is flawless, the characters are good enough, the whole thing reads true, and breathes a lyrical nostalgia which ought to charm. There is just one drawback, that it scarcely moves one at all. And really, if it isn't moving, what is the point of it?

The fault in *Rudin* is more positive, and I should say glaring; it belongs to the choice of subject. The main idea has not been rendered down into narrative, but sticks out raw. Rudin is less a figure in the story than a showpiece, and Turgenev works on him like a showman rather than a novelist. He has done the same thing elsewhere; even the great Bazarov is a little tainted with showmanship. But in *Rudin* it acquires the upper hand altogether. Such is the crudity of means, that by the side of Exhibit A we have a character to let us know what to think of him. For Lezhnev, though provided with a surface and a love affair—which don't help—has patently no other function. That is surely not how novels should be written, nor can any tact on small points make up for the essential blunder. And besides, the tact is not always forthcoming.

Lord David Cecil is extremely warm on the credit side. He describes the story as it should have been, as no doubt it was intended—how Rudin gradually reveals himself, and so on. But I can't at all agree that he does. Rather, he is enlarged upon: with *some* direct proof, but not enough to balance what is merely said of him. This balance between display and statement is a nice art in fiction, and it surprises me that an enthusiast for Jane Austen, who kept it brilliantly, should find the art of *Rudin* worth so much praise. Actually the hero's gift, his inspiring eloquence, is never proved, and yet it is the main thing about him, and the kind of thing one is least ready to accept on trust. Once, he had a social interest. But that has faded; and Turgenev, even at the best, is too apt to date and fade.

As for the rendering, I can't think it vital. Any translator worthy of the name will sweat blood over his effects of style, and yet ironically, in the end it makes no great difference; in prose the main effect will always come through. However, as well as one can judge without knowing the Russian, both translators here have done a good job. Alec Brown's *Rudin* has a decided liveliness, with some jarring notes; Isaiah Berlin's *First Love* is a little smoother in grain.

K. JOHN


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## THE COLOSSUS OF BATTERSEA

**John Burns.** By WILLIAM KENT. *Williams & Norgate.* 25s.

Few Labour leaders have had so meteoric a career as John Burns. Before he was thirty he had made his mark as spokesman of the London unemployed and had gone to Pentonville for his part in the "Bloody Sunday" riot in Trafalgar Square; in the next year, he became one of the original members of the L.C.C.; that summer came the Great Dock Strike of 1889, from which he emerged as Labour's outstanding leader, ensured of election as M.P. for Battersea in 1892. Yet Beatrice Webb would before long confide to her diary a damning assessment of his failings, and by 1907, when he was in the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board, she was dismissing this man of "vanity and malice" as a "monstrosity." Inept and reactionary in his new eminence, he was execrated by the Socialists and barely tolerated by the Liberals to whom he had turned. When, at the outbreak of war, 1914, he resigned in company with Lord Morley, he went out of public life for good, though he lingered to a lonely end in 1943.

So much might serve as the brief obituary of a renegade. Yet the biographer—and Mr. Kent has written the first long study of Burns—should ask deeper questions about a man who considered himself a miracle and who, on his elevation to the Cabinet, congratulated the Prime Minister on his admirable choice. No one doubts that Burns was a superb orator, though his social insight was blurred by invective and wild exaggeration. But demagogy was the limit of his capacities. He was no organiser; writing came laboriously to him; he seems to have read little of the magnificent book collection which he left. He flattered and used the people of Battersea for his own political ends, and bitterly resented it when, after he had ignored them for years, their loyalty turned cold against him. He had been supported at the outset by a wages fund raised from the pennies of the workers, but when he accepted £5,000 a year he resented paying his agent's salary. In 1902, he spoke of the Pittsburgh workers who "were being slowly butchered at home to make Carnegie philanthropic abroad," yet after his resignation he lived on an annual pension of five thousand dollars from Carnegie. When he led the unemployed, he had fired them with incendiary phrases: as a Minister, responsible for poor relief, Mr. Bumble might have been more sympathetic.

Such contradictions were typical of John Burns. He resigned rather than belong to a Cabinet at war; yet he loved to follow the troops on manoeuvres. He had been the great champion of the workers, yet at the foundation conference of the Labour Party in 1900, he ranted that he was "tired of working-class candidates and working-class constituents," and bitterly opposed the movement for Labour representation. In 1908, he was gloating over a petty victory: "I've smashed 'em and those men behind them—George, Churchill and 41 Grosvenor Road" (the Webbs). There is a dreadful account in Mr. Kent's book of Burns inciting stewards to violence against the suffragettes and saying, when ejections could not keep pace with interruptions, "If you cannot do it, I will. I have been married twenty-seven years, and I know how to manage women. Chuck 'em out."

How to account for all this? Burns was not a simple self-seeker, running after the ribbon and the handful of silver, though he preened himself in Court dress and took his salary like a man who had never insisted that £500 was enough for anyone. But he was vain, ambitious for power, for flattery, for the prestige which would wipe out the years of "working class boots, working-class margarine," convinced that only "Honest John" was capable of achieving the millennium. He ruined himself, politically, though unlike Ramsay MacDonald, he did not virtually destroy his party. Even in 1924, when he was tinkering with the idea of a political comeback, his terms were that he should *lead* the Labour movement. He was a one-man band, in which the big drum was the most important instrument. Burns could not tolerate rivals, and he hated Keir Hardie with limitless venom as the man who had stolen the movement from him, the movement which might have made John Burns the first Labour Premier if he had been in less of a hurry to "kiss hands."

All this story is in Mr. Kent's book, together with a convincing analysis of the reasons for Burns's resignation in 1914, which has remained a minor political mystery. He has admirably caught Burns's personality. But as a study in the history of the Labour movement, the book is inadequate. Mr. Kent has not bothered to do more than sketch in the background against which Burns moved at the end of the century; he says almost nothing of the Socialist agitation and the creation of the Labour Party, save where some of its principals fleetingly appear to make a few remarks about Burns and bob quickly out of sight. He is critical enough of Burns, but this is Burns's life as he himself might have seen it, a giant moving among pigmies. Indeed, the structure of the book closely reflects the phases of Burns's career: a short but intense period of agitation; the years in office, rather muddled; and then the long retirement, petering out in

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finicky details. It was in this last phase that Mr. Kent visited Burns regularly, and this part of his book is like Boswell at his dreariest—a comparison invited by Mr. Kent's constant comparison of Burns to Johnson. It would have been better if we had been spared the irrelevant trivia about Battersea, the literary allusions, and Mr. Kent's judgments on the relatives of John Burns, and given instead a fuller picture of the period when John Burns was the Colossus of Battersea and played his part in building the Labour movement from which he deserted.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

## GOLDEN THIGH OR FEET OF CLAY?

**In Search of the Miraculous.** By P. D. OUSPENSKI. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

**All and Everything.** By G. GURDJIEFF. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

There has been nothing else in our time quite like the school of what may perhaps be called esoteric Christianity founded by Gurdjieff. *In Search of the Miraculous* is an account of Ouspenski's early relations with Gurdjieff, and on the dust jacket this book is compared to Plato's presentation of the teaching of Socrates. In fact, the relationship between "O" and "G" was rather more like that of Trotski to Lenin, or Jung to Freud (the spiritual stature, or spiritual pride, of these two men invites ambitious comparisons). Ouspenski, at first a pupil, later broke away from the Master, and founded his own school in England, in rivalry with Gurdjieff's more famous centre of teaching at Fontainebleau—the house where Katherine Mansfield died.

Neither Gurdjieff nor Ouspenski would wish to be judged by their written works; for the essence of their spiritual training was a discipline and development of the whole man, and not of the single faculty of reason upon which Europeans have come to rely so exclusively, with so many disastrous consequences in other directions. Like all religious and magical disciplines, Eastern and Western, old and new, and like the various schools of modern psychotherapy, the aim of the rigorous discipline of the will and the emotions, of the dance-movements and the "voluntary suffering" practised in their schools, is neither an increase of knowledge, nor morality, but an expansion of consciousness, the essential pre-requisite for any new philosophy or better morality. The general run of mankind lives in a state of semi-consciousness. Natural man is a machine and we can only become a little more human by a painful process of awakening and developing of latent faculties. This simultaneous discipline of intellect, emotion, and will is on the Pythagorean pattern. Gurdjieff, like Pythagoras, travelled in his youth all over the East to learn what he could of old traditions of spiritual wisdom; like Pythagoras also, he trained himself to learn, not systems of ideas, but how to hear the octaves of the spheres, in an attempt to discover some lost cosmic law to which human life ought to conform. Had he too a golden thigh, or only feet of clay? Ouspenski suggests the latter, but the impression remains that Gurdjieff was the greater man.

The need for some such school of wisdom in the modern world cannot be doubted. The religious Orders of the Roman Catholic Church are too much bound up with many things besides the search for truth and wisdom to be tolerable to our particular kind of honesty. Carlyle thought it a fine thing that books had virtually replaced universities; but since his day the transmission of ideas by words alone, written or broadcast, has revealed its full power, and also its limitations. The teaching of Pythagoras, Jesus, or even Socrates, was something more than dictating lecture notes, and whether human wisdom in the full sense can be transmitted without a complete human relationship may be doubted. Teaching in any real sense must depend upon a communication of something more than facts; perhaps it depends on love—a possibility certainly not envisaged by the planners of the so-called education practised in our schools and universities. Gurdjieff and Ouspenski inherited another tradition of teaching, and if only for that reason, their work should serve to remind us that more is involved in the acquiring of wisdom than Carlyle's university of book-learning can ever give.

How great, of their kind, either of these men may have been, cannot be judged by someone like myself who was never taught by them. Ouspenski's speculations on eternal recurrence are far from being nonsense, so I am told, in the light of modern physics and mathematics; but from his writings one would judge him to have been an arrogant and cold man, though an intellectually courageous one. Gurdjieff's long, leisurely "cosmological epic," in the form of tales told by a tolerant and wise old Beelzebub to his grandson, is something between *Gulliver's Travels*, somebody's *Outline of Knowledge*, and a paranoiac fantasy; but a highly individual atmosphere of compassionate humour makes this a strangely readable book, considering how much of it is incomprehensible, or deliberate nonsense. There are also passages of real wisdom, although both Gurdjieff and Ouspenski lack the gift possessed by many of the great teachers whom they emulated of formulating those aphorisms addressed to the whole man, and not to his reason alone, that we find in the Gospels, the fragments of Empedokles and Pythagoras, or the writings of Blake.

One suspects that love of power was strong in both these men—a vice that simulates greatness. The wholesale and scornful dismissal of other thinkers, past and contemporary, suggests envy rather than superior wisdom. Ouspenski no doubt had a remarkable intellect, and "G" something more, but there remains at the back of my mind a lurking doubt. Perhaps it is only that innate English or Scottish protestantism that will not bow the knee to any magus or priest claiming authority in spiritual matters; or it may be a poet's natural suspicion of any symbolic structure whose greatness is not marked by the formal beauty that is inherent in all true art or science.

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All study of Haydn has been hindered so far by the lack of any definitive edition of his work, comparable to that of the *Bachgesellschaft*. But welcome news has lately come from Vienna: the Haydn Society of Boston, Mass., proposes to undertake the task of Mandyczewski's ill-fated *Haydn Gesamtausgabe*, and this year purposes to produce its first six volumes, three of masses and three of symphonies. Meanwhile Miss Hughes's book, equipped with the full apparatus of the *Master Musicians* series, has filled another long-felt need, that of a really useful short book on Haydn.

Twenty years ago he was still thought of only as "Papa Haydn"; Thomas Dunhill wrote of his "untrammelled spirit of cheerfulness," and said: "We shall not look for intensity of emotional content or the deep reverential feeling of J. S. Bach, nor expect anything akin to the large and stately utterance of Handel . . . . He was so full of joy that the notes flew off 'as from a spindle'." Miss Hughes has recognised our grave and serious Haydn, of the *Seven Words* and the E flat sonata. But perhaps she has scarcely done justice to him as the composer "who effected the whole transition from the aesthetic system of Bach to that which is common to all instrumental music from Haydn to Brahms."

The "monodic revolution" of Monteverdi and his followers, which destroyed Palestrinan aesthetic, had posed two problems: how to write for the voice, and how to write for the soloist. Bach and Handel found one solution, based on the *continuo*: a florid treble and a firm bass within which the other parts could spin counterpoint freely, since organ or harpsichord was fusing the independent lines into an harmonic structure. But Haydn's music was to create a new orchestra texture, in which the

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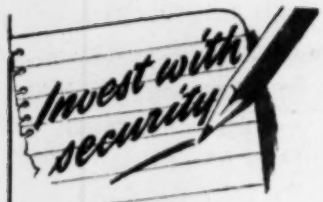


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*continuo* should play no part, its function being divided among the other instruments. Miss Hughes stresses rightly the importance of the *Gassaden*, the back-street serenades which he heard and played in his youth. The Opus 1 quartets are already assimilating their unsupported texture to the *galant* style. In the recently recorded *Feldpartita* in F, of 1760, we can watch the process. Haydn writes two florid violin parts, in the manner of Handel's trio-sonatas, but instead of gamba and *continuo* beneath he uses two horns, two cors anglais and two bassoons.

This revolution in texture was deeper and more significant—and certainly more far-reaching in its effects—than his innovations in form and key-relationship. "Haydn" says Miss Hughes, "was interested in structure for its own sake, and it was this, more than any other single quality, which enabled him to achieve what he did." But fundamentally it was the structure of the orchestral sound itself which concerned him, and did so throughout his life; we need only compare the scores of the *Messiah* and the *Creation* to see this.

Karl Geiringer's study of Haydn, published in America in 1946 and subsequently here, divided his work into five creative periods—the C minor sonata No. 20 for instance belonging to the third, *Sturm und Drang* phase, and the English symphonies to the final period, "Consummate Mastery." Miss Hughes's classification by *genres* avoids such over-sharp distinctions, but fails to give a perspective account of Haydn's development. There is an increasing seriousness in his music. The success of the London concerts led him to value more highly his orchestral works; Miss Hughes fails to mention that he used careful drafts in his late writing, where formerly he had been content with an easy reliance on natural instinct. Nevertheless, she has something interesting to say about almost everything he wrote, and even ventures on criticism of this kind: "such little strokes of genius as the plunge on to the first inversion of the sub-dominant near the opening (of the E flat sonata No. 52), with its effect of stepping off into fathomless depths, shows (*sic*) his power to be 'bounded in a nutshell and count himself king of infinite space'." Miss Hughes appreciates, too, the worth of his neglected masses and the middle period symphonies.

As biography there is little to choose between her book and Geiringer's. The London chapters are more fully documented and interesting, but for the rest... "the neighbours who passed by the open door began to remark on the way the little boy was picking up the tunes, and smile at him as he carolled them all over the village the next day." Haydn's life seems to resolve itself inevitably into a series of familiar anecdotes, enlivened by more or less speculative telling.

ANDREW PORTER

## NEW NOVELS

**Free Among the Dead.** By ALFRED MARNAU. *Harvill Press.* 9s. 6d.

**Poor Man's Orange.** By RUTH PARK. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

**Winter Song.** By JAMES HANLEY. *Phoenix House.* 12s. 6d.

**The Great Mogul.** By ROBERT PAYNE. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

Alfred Marnau's *Free Among the Dead* is a strange, beautiful and—I cannot resist the word—noble book. Unused to this combination, even in a novel written by a poet, I find it hard to give an intelligible impression of it to others. For the book exists on three levels; as a moving and dramatic story; as an allegory of the fate of Europe; and as a poet's meditation on man's mysterious union with his fellow men in time and eternity. Taken simply as a novel, it is the story of a group of five young men drawn together in an old castle near the Danube on the mutable frontiers of Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia in the winter before the war. Three of them, Daurach the sculptor, Weintrager the builder and musician and Temeskoez the poet arrive in a little ship.

> They had taken to Daurach's romantic idea of spending the long winter in knightly service at Elisabeth der Haydn's court. They were glad and excited at the thought of something which promised to give their lives a joyous significance. And yet there was something else at the back of their minds... thoughts and forebodings of which they did not speak, which they themselves could scarcely understand.

On their way they meet a young priest, Dominik, and help him to rescue a man who has been shot by the Nazi frontier guards. Dominik and the wounded man, Hügel, join the household at the der Haydn's castle during the family's last months in their ancient home. The house and estate have already been secretly sold to a rich American. Under the shadow of dispossession not merely of home but of country—for the Nazis encamped across the river are about to annex the territory—the girl Elisabeth and the five young men spend a few weeks in which life takes on an almost visionary beauty and intensity. Elisabeth's intuitive innocence acts like a magnet, drawing them together and inspiring each one to new discoveries in his own realm, discoveries, which in their sensitised state, they are able to communicate to each other. Nor is the bond between them broken when she chooses the poet Temeskoez for her lover. They swear to remain united, not only in friendship but in a spiritual bond transcending life and death. "The first of us who dies shall take all the others with him. But only when all the others die shall we take our final leave of the world." The nightmare of disruption begins. The first to die is Temeskoez, arrested on suspicion and strangled in a torture-house. Dominik rescues his body and, in setting fire to the house, burns his hands to useless stumps. The doomed household breaks up; the remaining friends scatter before the storm. Seven years later, Hügel, the most complex and isolated of the five—the shadow-side as it were, of each of their bright shapes,—having fought all through the war, finds himself in Italy. He rediscovers Dominik in a Cistercian monastery. The two men have one interview, knowing they will never meet again. Between them they piece together the fates of the others. Two more have been killed; Elisabeth has survived outrage and married Daurach only to lose him almost at once. He has been carried off behind the Iron Curtain, leaving no trace. In this meeting between Dominik and Hügel each man knows at last what he has to do. Dominik will take his final vows as a silent contemplative and work in the spiritual element (of whose hazards he is fully aware), not only for himself but for all others. Hügel, the wanderer, the man of action, half mystic, half sceptic, must search the world for the lost Daurach. Hügel is the ship and Dominik the buried anchor.

These bald statements give no idea of the depth and beauty of Marnau's book. Just as he gives his contemporary story something ofthe timelessness of a legend, so he makes his characters both actual and symbolic. Yet the symbolism is never forced and there is an extraordinary quality of light and freshness about the book—in contrast to the claustrophobic symbolism of Strindberg or Kafka. Some of Marnau's metaphysical ideas are hard to grasp, nor am I sure I have understood his actual expression of some of them. The poet's vision is elliptical and more easily communicated "in a point," in the shock of an image or the crystallisation of a line than in the slow motion of prose. But if the poet sometimes mutters inaudibly or stammers with excitement, *Free Among the Dead* is one of those novels which stir up the mind and the imagination as well as the feelings.

People suffer in *Free Among the Dead* but they suffer in superb surroundings; in ancient European villages, castles and monasteries. The sufferings of the people in *Poor Man's Orange*, the incessant universal sufferings of the urban poor—overcrowding, dirt, disease, frustration—take place

in a fetid Sydney slum. Though the slum is due to be pulled down, the people cling to their rat-ridden homes, every crack in whose walls has become as familiar to them as their own bodies. In spite of the squalor, each street has its rich individual life. Ruth Park is not a poet nor does she use her characters as symbols. But she has sensitive and heightened perception which makes her see the intensity of life in Surry Hills, a life which has its roots in Ireland and Italy and still flowers when transplanted to Australia. To write a novel exclusively about the poor is a test of any writer's quality. So many pitfalls abound; patronage, sentimentality, righteous indignation, gloating pity, "brutal realism," false idealising. Miss Park avoids them all. She writes about the people of the Sydney slums, not as if she had merely lived among them for a time but as if she had belonged to them always and only differed in having the power to express how they feel about their homes, their family and their religion. Had she really done so, the most sensitive and gifted of her characters, Dolour Darcy would almost certainly have escaped from Surry Hills and launched on a career. To the great advantage of the novel, she accepts her situation and makes a real life for herself among the elements she finds at hand. The characters in *Poor Man's Orange*, especially those of the Darcy family, exist on their own in a quite remarkable way. They delight or disappoint, sustain each other or collapse in the unpredictable way people do in life. Perhaps the most memorable of all is "Mumma," by no means the conventional humble, heroic mother of a slum family. Along with Mumma's humility and heroism and ineradicable Irish devoutness go a turbulent, even fantastic nature, a charity that is by no means inexhaustible and an obstinate demination not to alter her ways even for the comfort of her beloved family.

James Hanley's *Winter Song* deals with another Irish family, the Furys. Part of a long sequence of books about them, *Winter Song* deals with the return of the dazed and broken seaman father, torpedoed and given up for lost, and the slow knitting together of the old wandering husband and the old domineering wife. It is a sober, sincere and often moving book, marred by almost intolerable slowness and repetitiveness. The events leading up to this volume are told and retold in almost identical words in letters, statements and conversations until the reader is numbed. Mr. Hanley conveys only too well the garrulity and dreamy rambling of old people. *Winter Song* might have made an admirable long short-story. As a novel the material is drowned and diluted till its flavour is almost lost.

As a change from contemporary poverty, *The Great Mogul* offers escape into the superluxury of India in the early 17th century. There you can enjoy rubies big as pigeon's eggs, bulbuls, exotic meals, beautiful dancing girls and the company, not only of native princes (gorgeous and cruel) but of an oddly ninetyish character who is Shakespeare's illegitimate son. Mr. Payne is passionately in love with the East and has evidently read up his period. I have no right to criticise *The Great Mogul*. Unaccustomed to such rich fare, I collapsed from indigestion halfway through this oriental banquet.

ANTONIA WHITE

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**Symphonies.** ELGAR: No. 1, A flat major (LPO/Boult. DB21024-9). The composer's own recording of this symphony, recently deleted, is only of historical interest. The new set, long overdue, unites an exceptionally fine recording to a performance which, although authoritatively conducted, is rather poor in tone. In so heavily upholstered a score, where the brass is seldom silent and the harmony always fully explicit, it is particularly unfortunate that the strings should be so lacking in body. However, we must make the best of this set, since we are unlikely to get another for a long time, and there is certainly much to enjoy in it. The imaginative transition from the Scherzo to the Adagio is beautifully managed, and in all the *tranquillo* sections the playing is admirable. BORODIN: No. 2, B minor (Philharmonia Orch/Malko. C3971-4). A vivid and fiery performance, very coarsely recorded. The tone is shallow and the violins have an almost constant edge. This set—in any case the only one available—sounds quite well on the average commercial radiogram, but owners of high-fidelity equipment are advised to give it a wide berth. The fill-up is Lindov's delightful little tone poem, *Baba Yaga*.

**Concertos.** BRAHMS: Second Piano Concerto, B flat major (Serkin/Philadelphia/Ormandy. LX1276-81). At the risk of seeming wildly paradoxical I must aver that this is, by and large, the best available version of the concerto. True, the piano is less to the fore than it ever is in modern English concerto recordings, but the balance is much more nearly what we receive in a concert hall. Serkin's grasp of the solo seems to me masterly: monumental, yet full of delicate nuances and without the heavy-jowled solemnity which mars Backhaus's assumption. The orchestral part, too, is most beautifully played: here the sheer opulence of tone, which seems to be Ormandy's chief consideration, carries the day, for it is unusually well recorded. It is a pity that the first note of the work should have been muffed; but there are no further such mistakes. In the Adagio the blend and quality of the tone is lovely, the phrasing and tempo exactly right. In the Finale the performance combines grace and athletic strength in a rare degree. Those who require a cheaper set of this long and expensive work, will be quite safe with the Solomon recording, which is most respectable; but I have never felt that it was among the best things Solomon has given us, and the orchestral playing cannot hold a candle to that of the new set. For music of this kind the Backhaus recording is now definitely superannuated, though on acoustic gramophones the lack of realism may be less apparent. WEBER: Bassoon Concerto, F major, Op 75 (G. Brooke/Liv Phil/Sargent. DX1656-7). A sweetly pretty, "amusing" little work, of no great consequence. Weber is seldom without his moments of felicity—of aristocratic distinction—a turn of phrase here, a light gesture there—and this concerto bears the imprint of his beautiful style; but it is not a piece one would wish to hear often. The solo performance is agile but rather weak in tone, especially at the top, and the strings are on the shrill side.

**Miscellaneous Orchestral.** HAYDN: Divertimento, F major ("Feldpartita"), and March for the Prince of Wales (London Baroque Ensemble/Haas. R20578-9). A first-rate opportunity for those who like something off the beaten track. The slow movement, in particular, is strikingly lovely. A beautifully balanced performance, recorded to admiration. ROUSSEL: Suite, F major, Op 33 (LPO/Münch. AX317-8). The Prelude sports the rigid rhythm, as of a clockwork toy, that spoils many of Roussel's quick movements; but the Sarabande has a subtle beauty very characteristic of the composer, and the final Gigue is delightfully witty. I recommend this work to the attention of all serious music-lovers. It is beautifully recorded. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Tales from the Vienna Woods*—Waltz (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX1257). This is distinctly the best of the many extant versions. The important introduction includes the zither part, but is still not quite complete; and the pianissimo "backward glance," at the end of the waltz, is omitted (the Philadelphia disc includes it, but omits the zither passage). Now that the long-playing disc is at last upon us, we may hope for a complete recording of this, the most ravishing of all the Strauss waltzes. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Ninetta Polka*; SCHMIDT: *Czardas* (from "Notre Dame") Vienna Phil/Böhm C3975). The Polka is one of Strauss's all-pizzicato *tours de force*. It comes off perfectly and of course records particularly well. The

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Czardas, a very thickly scored but rather impressive piece, calls attention to a neglected composer (1874–1939) whose music seems to be all the go in Vienna just now. Why, you may ask, a Czardas in an opera based on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*? Presumably because the heroine of that novel is a gipsy. This is a clever coupling and the disc imposes itself on all lovers of Viennese music. BARBER: Adagio for Strings, Op 11 (Boyd Neel Orch. X305). This short piece, tragic in feeling and somewhat reminiscent of Sibelius, began life as the slow movement of a string quartet. It is beautifully played and the recording does full justice to the string tone at all levels—which is more than could be said of the Toscanini record. But readers are warned that there is a heavy background hum, which becomes distracting in the pauses and the moments of hushed tone. ALBENIZ: *Ibéria*—Suite (Lamoureux Orch/Branco. DB9462-5). These cleverly, if noisily, orchestrated pieces really sound better in this form than in the original piano version; for Albeniz, pianist though he was, crowded his stave with reckless abandon, and seldom wrote less than three notes where one would have sufficed. Arbos's orchestral suite, which is uninhibited in its use of colour, makes an enlivening and highly picturesque half-hour. The loud ending to *Navarra* (Albeniz's last composition, unfinished and not one of the *Ibéria* series) seems to me inferior to the delicate rounding-off provided by Déodat de Sévérac for the piano version of the piece. The orchestral playing in this set is superb and the recording extremely brilliant, but I don't recommend the work to persons of austere taste or valetudinarian sensibilities. BACH: *Passacaglia, C minor* (San Francisco Sym Orch/Monteux. DB21053-4) Respighi's orchestral furbishment of the great C minor organ Passacaglia (*not* "and Fugue," as madly stated on the label) strikes me as criminally vulgar and ugly. The recording manages to cram a good deal of the inflated score on to the disc, but the result cannot be called pleasing. On the other hand, the fill-up, the *Sinfonia* from the Christmas Oratorio, is exquisitely played and recorded. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

*(To be concluded)*

## Week-end Competitions

No. 1060

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

Among the questions received by the *Can I Help You* column of a popular newspaper is the following:

I am a student. My mother has recently married my uncle. I keep having dreams that Uncle murdered Father. Ought I to do anything?

Competitors are invited to send in a human problem from any character in myth, history, or literature and to supply the columnist's answer. (Limit 150 words.) Entries by June 20.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,053

**Set by R. K. Buchanan**

The usual prizes are offered for 200 words to be broadcast in appeal for This Week's Doubtful Cause by any public character, living or dead. Competitors are reminded that there is a law of libel.

**Report by R. K. Buchanan**

The Protection of Trade Unions against Subversive Elements? The Alleviation of the Depressed Middle Classes—pleaded for by Karl Marx? Surely these are most worthy objects: and half the entries had to be summarily disqualified because the causes their spokesmen advocated had nothing of the shady or preposterous about them. In the more authentic line, we were asked to melt our hearts and offer our purses to the Dependents of Casino Suicides, the Fund for Providing Distressed Ladies of Title with free copies of Debrett, the Society for the Protection of Unmarried Fathers (spokesman, Wm. Shakespeare), the Home for Bed-ridden Actresses (spokesman, Lady Hamilton), and the Fund for mending the hole nibbled in the Iron Curtain by that rat, Tito (spokesman, Lenin). Borderline causes were those advocated by A. Bevan, for the Society for Co-operative Competitions—"We propose to start in a small way with Literary Competitions—perhaps the most glaring example of how a small monopolistic ring can corner the market"; and by Kingsley Martin, appealing for funds to increase the competition columns of THE NEW STATESMAN and the prizes awarded—"a hundred or so of the country's finest wits are forced to confine their brilliance within 150 words of prose or 10 lines of verse." For verisimilitude of phrasing and approach, combined with genuine doubtfulness of cause, prizes of a guinea-and-a-half each to J. P. Stevenson and Edward Blishen; a guinea each to Robert Gaffikin, N. Hodgson and R. Tiley. Honourable mention, R. S. Stanier, A. J. Sutton, Isabel Finlayson, G. J. Blundell and D. R. Peddy.

### UNFROCKED MONKS

To most of you the name of Abelard is doubtless a household word. You will know him as one of the most brilliant thinkers of modern times; but how many realize the grim tragedy that overshadowed his private life? It was for the care of such men that my father of sainted memory, shortly before his elevation to the See of S. Peter, founded the International Home for Unfrocked Monks—men who after embracing in youth the rigours of the cloister develop, with maturer years, talents that demand a more progressive environment. Fra Filippo Lippi, the distinguished last-century painter, for instance: how much happier he would have been if he and his mis—, er, if when he left monastic life he could have entered our Home—where, I should explain, accommodation is provided not only for single men but also for married couples etc. For this charity we Modern Churchmen expect, but unfortunately do not always receive, the support of our more sacerdotally-minded brethren; but I know I shall not appeal in vain to you in England, with your love of sport and your hatred of bigotry. Send your donations to me, Cardinal C. Borgia, c/o the B.B.C. . . .

J. P. STEVENSON

### FOLLOWERS OF EPICURUS

In appealing to you to-night on behalf of the Followers of Epicurus, I am forced to rely on words to arouse your sympathy: but what I should like to do is to take you with me to one of the banquets held by these unfortunate people. Present conditions are hard on us all: but on them they are bitterly hard. Imagine them, then, these uncomplaining gourmets, sitting down to boards that rather placidly protest than groan, and coming to an end of what is, to them, life's only joy, in a mere fifteen courses. They need money, and they need it desperately. Do you know that the hundred members of this Society are forced, feast after feast, to subsist on the merest ungarnished caviare, and on miserably commonplace wines? I am sure that your hearts are already touched, and that you long to know how you personally can help to relieve this misery in our midst and to assist those who, in being cursed with exquisite palates, are less fortunate than yourselves. You *can* help, by sending your donations to me: and be sure of one thing: your generous gifts, however small, will be gratefully squandered on the most exotic delicacies.—André Simon. EDWARD BLISHEN

### MEALS FOR CANNIBAL ISLANDERS

In the brief time at my disposal—this evening, that is—I wish to place before you the claims of one of our less known Charitable Organisations, "The Society for Providing Meals for Cannibal Islanders," an Institution alas fallen on evil days. In bygone years we sent forth missionaries to the South Seas, missionaries of all kinds, especially medical missionaries. These good people entered literally into the very life of the aborigines. I recollect asking an Island potentate, here for the Jubilee of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria in 1887, was the diet upon which he and his tribe chiefly subsisted considered wholesome. "Well," he replied, "some doctors disagree." As there are no longer cannibals, we no longer send missionaries, but Irish hams. Considering all this, also my own frequently expressed opinions, you may think it odd my giving this appeal. But remember, it was we ourselves who made these unfortunate folk contract the habit of eating European joints—and anyhow the stuff is better out of this country.

So send what you can afford—or more, to the Society c/o George Bernard Shaw, London.

I need not repeat that address, it is known everywhere. In fact "London" is redundant.

ROBERT GAFFIKIN

### DISTRESSED DENTISTS

. . . do not like statistics. Neither do I. But just think what it means in terms of human misery or happiness. Out of every ten shillings he earns, the dentist, in the interests of National economy gives back three shillings to you and to me. All over the country dentists are tightening their belts that England, this England may live . . . As you sit by your firesides, listening to me and munching your apple or crunching your nuts, I want you to give a moment's thought to those without whose help the apple would remain untasted and the nuts be still unground (Ha! Ha!) I want you to think of other mouths—I do not mean those thousands of mouths that sit (so to speak) in surgeries waiting for the healing touch of skilled and loving hands—but those mouths—little mouths—that are waiting to be fed, waiting and waiting, while Daddy's pay packet gets smaller and smaller . . . You will help, won't you? I am *sure* you will. Please send your contributions to me, Mrs. Aneurin Bevan, Distressed Dentists' Association, c/o The Ministry of Health. I will spell the name for you: Mrs. A-N-E-U-R-I-N B-E-V-A-N. N. HODGSON

### DEPRESSED FIREMAN'S AID SOCIETY

During the last few days I have been privileged to visit Fire Stations in several different parts of the country, and to-night I want to tell you about some of the things I have seen.

Few of us, I imagine, can resist the thrill of seeing and hearing the red giants hurtling noisily and magnificently through our streets with the young firemen clinging so amazingly to the swaying sides. But I would like to tell you that many a fireman's lot is only occasionally cast in so heroic a mould. Many of them spend a good deal of their time polishing brass, rolling and unrolling hosepipes and even playing billiards to while away the dull hours. Now I think most of you will agree that this is not the sort of life for a young and brave member of the Force. To change all this is one of the chief endeavours of our Society. I am appealing to all those kind folk who have the time and energy to spare for this important and useful work . . . just the odd half-hour will do, and it is quite surprising what can be done in five minutes . . . to go about starting fires and encouraging other people to do so. In some places groups of people may care to organise a series of fires, but generally speaking we like to think of large numbers of individual people starting many fires over a very wide area. You see in this way . . . Guy Fawkes. R. TILEY


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S.S.C.R.P.M.

My friends, I do not speak to you to-night as Leader of the Conservative Party, but as the advocate of one of those causes whose compelling power temporarily abrogates our ancient and cherished right—to differ from our neighbour—and unites us with him, in an impulse of disinterested benevolence.

It may be said that, in the modern world, benevolence is a function of the State; and, certainly, the massive—and growing—power of the State performs for us many services which—under a more primitive form of social organisation—we were accustomed to perform—or pay for—ourselves. But pensions—and pills—are not the only constituents of the full life; and private charity still affords scope—and play—for such bodies as the Society for the Supply of Cigars for Retired Prime Ministers, or—as I prefer to call it—the Smoking Fund.

I know, my friends, the response is not easy. It is an ineluctable corollary of the vast system of vicarious munificence which the present government administers, that the tax-gatherer knocks—impartially, but with ever-increasing exigence—at the door of cottage and castle alike. But I know that—when the cause is good—to the countrymen of Pitt and Fox and Gladstone and Disraeli, the trumpet will not sound in vain.—Winston Churchill.

R. S. STANIER

## CHESS: Turning the Tables—No. 40

There is something to be said for getting out of the opening with an advantage sufficient to procure a demonstrable win in due time, while always keeping the draw safely in hand. But those of us who play merely for fun may find the sunshine of victory even more pleasing after an anxious passage through the shadows of impending defeat. Such passage from the depths of gloom to sunlit uplands may well be a laborious climb, and who of us (even if we happen to be the victims), would not be thrilled by the ultimate triumph of a brave uphill struggle. Yet for sheer dramatic poignancy give me the short step from triumph to disaster. If I have to have the tables turned on me, let it be done in a move or two. Take this game, played by Alapin against Marshall in 1905.

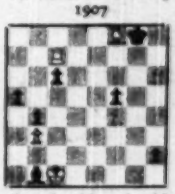
| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (7) Q-K2 | P-KB4 |
| (2) | P-KB4 | P-Q4 | (8) Kt-QB3 | B-B7 ch |
| (3) | P x QP | P-K5 | (9) K-Q1 | O-O |
| (4) | P-Q3 | Kt-KB3 | (10) B-Q2 | Kt x Kt ch |
| (5) | QP x P | Kt x P | (11) B x Kt | Q x P ch |
| (6) | Kt-KB3 | B-QB4 | (12) K-B1 | |

Who, at first glance, would not say that Black has just that fierce attack Marshall would love to conjure up in a mere dozen moves. Of course he played (12) R-Q1, but White simply countered P-QKt4, and now, all of a sudden, the tables are turned on the wily attacker, and the dangerous B has to beat an ignominious retreat to K13. Whereupon Alapin played Q-K7, forcing his overconfident opponent's immediate resignation.

Here too — Boleslavsky-Bondarevsky, Moscow 1941 —White seems to have nothing to worry about and victory within his grasp. R x P was to be the *coup de grace*. But Black simply countered R-KKt1, and after Q-Q3 (What else?), there came Q-Kt8ch, followed by R-B8ch and mate next move.

Here—Winter - A. Steiner, Hamburg 1930 — Winter seems to have a great deal to worry about. His opponent, for the sacrifice of a piece, had an apparently smashing attack. Q-B7 forced R-KKt1, and after R-K8 it seemed all over. But Winter simply played (3) B-K3, and all of a sudden the lamb about to be shorn hits out with a lion's claw. There followed (3) Q x B. (4) KR x R, B x R. (5) P x P, R-K1. (6) B-K4, R-KB1. (7) Q-Kt5 !, R-QKt1. (8) Q-Q7 !

A: A. S. M. Platow, 1907



In this week's competition A—White to move and draw—might seem to be difficult enough to rate more than 5 points if it weren't for this broad hint. Competitors should remember the biblical reference to the meek, and they may discover that a certain Bishop, even if not meek enough to inherit the earth, can find a place of obscurity blessed with good results.

Another 5 points for B, a pretty 3-mover and surely unique in as much as it was composed over 70 years ago by an author now living happily and actively in our midst. When he composed this problem Mieses was 15. It was less than a year after he had learned the moves of Chess.

B: Y. Mieses, 1880

Usual prizes. Entries by June 19.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 20

A: (1) P-R5, R x P. (2) P-R6, R x R. (3) P-R7.
B: (1) Q-B3, P queens. (2) Q x Q, P-K17. (3) Q x P, Q-B3 ch. (4) P x Q, R-Kt3 ch. (5) K-R5, R-R3ch. (6) K-R5 etc. This is how White won, but Black could have drawn by (3) Q-B2.
(1) B x P is countered by P queening followed by Q-Q3ch, while (1) Q-Q2 is defeated by Q-K2.

In the points race only half a dozen competitors are left with the maximum of 45, but nearly twice as many are only 2 or 3 points behind; most of them dropped in the failure of seeing through all the intricacies of B. Yet there were some perfect analyses of that complex position. As for A (a much easier proposition), A. W. Bowen detected a "cook" and supplied a very thorough analysis (2. . . . R-KR8!). He shares the prizes with A. Altschul, T. P. Brody, F. Jaeck, A. Rutherford, G. Watson.

ASSIAC


### PERSONAL

FRENCH boy aged 15 wishes to stay with English family with boy same age, 6-8 weeks July-August. Miss G. Mellvig, 96 Sandfield Rd., Headington, Oxford.

ITALIAN girl, 25, wishes to exchange hospitality (room & full board) with English for 1 month this summer. Would like to be in England August. Please write: Miss A. Bureti, via Bandiera 6, Bologna, Italy.

MOTHER would welcome a few toddlers under 3 of professional parents, daily nine to five. Lunch & tea. L.C.C. licence. Mrs. Andreas. Mayor, 62a Marlborough Pl., N.W.8.

TOP-floor modernised Georgian house (three rooms, kit. and bathroom) to be let nr. Epping Forest: rent by agreement with tenant willing to do some cooking for family of 4. Sep. entrance, constant h.w., some cent. heating, furniture available, garden. Country, but nr. bus connecting 3 mls. with Cent. London Tube. Exp. in cooking essential. Box 7434.

COTTAGE, W. Scotland, for 2 wks., in exchange care of 20 livestock. Box 6697.

EDINBURGH Festival; accom. in fishing village, and tickets, offered Sept. 2-9. Baby watching if necessary. Box 6959.

AUTHOR welcomes congenial guests seeking quiet holiday, Sussex coast. Large house and garden near beach. Excellent food, good conversation. Box 6632.

FURNISHED self-cont. wing (7 rms.) of Loire Valley chateau available summer mths. British owners. £12 12s. p.w. Box 7343

FRENCH student wants post au pair July & August, ladies' companion or teach children. No salary. Box 6904.

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WANTED, lady attendant with a little nursing exp. for middle-aged lady. Write for interview to Borne, 71 Standen Rd., Southfields, or 'phone Putney 3898.

COUNTRY house has rooms for creative tenants, i.e. artists, writers, craftsmen. Hartford Old Vicarage, Huntingdon.

YOUNG professional woman seeks another as companion for informal holiday Ireland or abroad. Box 6610.

MEDICAL Student (26) requires work for July & Aug. Experienced driver, babysitter, tutor, speaks French. Anything considered. Box 6859.

SUMMER Holiday for children at Eastbourne under ideal conditions, organised by C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex.

DO you need temporary housekeeper, secretary, mother's help (or caretaker)? Educated woman, experienced secretary, good cook and housekeeper (married), offers services, pref. 2/3 months. As return accommodation and board for self and children (boy 5, girl 3) suggested. Box 6712.

WORK reqd. by ex-service chem. student during July-Sept. Board & lodging only, for garden or interesting greenhouse job. Other work from £4 per week. Capable of running small business & not aghast at heavy physical work. Bees a speciality. Box 6622.

CONSULTANT editor/writer, London, undertaking the layout, presentation, typography, editing and printing of publicity literature invites inquiries from Industrial Authorities, Societies, or business organisations for the production of informative publications. Box 6631.

GENTLEMAN (44) about to attempt Novel/Film Script in spare time, seeks person similar inclination to collaborate or assist. London area. Box 6957.

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GIRL student, 20, wants work abroad during summer vacation. Box 6711.

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HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances, etc.

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DEVON County Council. Children's Committee. A foster home or Home is very urgently needed for a small boy of nearly five who is mentally subnormal and mildly epileptic. Please write Children's Officer, Beadnitch Hall, Castle St., Exeter, for further partics.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 12. Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

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HOLIDAYS with a treble appeal—a pleasant centre, interesting company and additional cultural interests; Salzburg Festival party, private motor-coach tour of Roman France, Aug. 19. international house parties at Windsor, New Forest by the sea and Ilfra, August and beginning of Sept. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, Kensington, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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### READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "New Statesman," volumes I-XXXI (1913-28), excellent condition, offer invited; Froude's "History of England" complete, 12 vols., £2 10s.; French Linguaphone, perfect condition, offer; Spanish Linguaphone course, complete, good condition, £3; Italian Linguaphone, almost unused, £9/offers; 24 12in. H.M.V. Language Course records, £3/offers; E.M.G. largest Gramophone, £25 quick sale; Custom built, (with turntable radio-gram., separate Phase-inverter speaker in walnut cabinet, Connoisseur pickups, Garrard motors, highest fidelity, 300 orchestral and vocal records, £75; 300 Classical records modern auto couplings, list available; Torpedo (Erika Superba) Portable Typewriter, knife-edge type, recently overhauled, £25; Remington "Compact" Portable, £25, seen Leeds, Bradford; Double divan and mattress, £18 10s.; coffee tables, £3; Romany Caravan, excellent condition, roadworthy, painted and appointed classic Romany style, £250; Caravan, new, large luxury 4-berth, £290 delivered; Lady's and Gentleman's Bicycles, £3 each.

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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SCIENCE Museum (Ministry of Education). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for the post of Director of the Science Museum. Candidates must be at least 35 on July 1, 1950; they are expected to be scientists of established reputation with proved administrative ability. Salary at present £1,800, but will be revised in due course in accordance with the Chorley Report. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3123; completed application forms must reach him by June 20, 1950

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the new post of "Welfare Officer" for the Service and Technical Staff of the University. Arrangements for the education and training of the younger members would be an important part of the Welfare Officer's responsibility. Salary within the range of £750 to £1,000 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than June 30, 1950, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SUDAN Government. Soil Chemist. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture requires a Soil Chemist aged 22 to 44 for service in the Sudan. Candidates must possess an honours degree in Chemistry or its equivalent. Appointment will be either on Long Term Contract for ten years on a salary scale £E.817 to £E.1,316, with special post-service gratuity; or on Provident Fund Contract or Short Term Contract, at slightly higher rates of pay and different post-service benefits. Cost of living allowance varying between £E.142 and £E.352 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application form may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Soil Chemist."

CROWN Agents for the Colonies. Museum (Technical) Instructor required by the Government of Nigeria for 2 tours, each of 18 to 24 months duration, with a prospect of re-engagement for a further period. Salary, including allowances, £926 a year. Gratuity of £25 for each 3 months' service on satisfactory completion of contract. Outfit allowance £60. Free first-class passages and liberal leave on full salary. Candidates should hold the Diploma of the Museums Association and the possession of a degree, although not essential, would be an advantage. Previous museum experience is essential and a high standard of technical skill is required. The duties will include the instruction of selected Africans who will be candidates for appointments as Museum Technical Assistants. The Instructor will also be required to carry out the actual technical treatment, cleaning and preparation of collections of antiques, art and ethnography. Apply at once by letter, stating age, whether married or single, and full particulars of qualifications and experience and mentioning this paper, to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1, quoting M/N/22182/tf: on both letter and envelope. The Crown Agents cannot undertake to acknowledge all applications and will communicate only with applicants selected for further consideration.

HEIDELBERG University. Applications are invited from honours graduates for the post of Lector in English, Heidelberg University, to be filled in October, 1950. Salary equivalent at present rate to approximately £30-£35 per month tax free. One year contract, renewable. Write, quoting "Heidelberg" and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope for application form and further particulars to the Director, Personnel Department, The British Council, 65 Davies St., London, W.1, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than June 24.

PRINCIPAL required for Acland House (W.E.A. residential College), Broadclyst, nr Exeter, Devon. College accommodates 24 students who will take courses of one month duration with choice of subjects such as Trade Union problems, Local and Central Government, Comparative Religion, Sociology and Economic Theory, and Courses for prospective W.E.A. tutors and organisers in organisation and administration of Adult Education. The Principal must be competent to teach in one or more of these branches of study, to plan the work of other tutors and to undertake the administrative work of the College. Salary £700, with board and lodging provided. Application forms, which must be returned not later than July 1, may be obtained from the General Secretary, W.E.A., Temple House, 27 Portman Square, W.1.

OXFORD University Tutorial Classes Committee invite applications for the post of full-time tutor in Berkshire. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in one or more of the following subjects: Economics, Politics (Theory and Institutions), History, Philosophy. Salary £450 to £850 according to experience and qualifications. Particulars and application forms from Organising Secretary, Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Sq., Oxford. Closing date June 24.

SECRETARY to managing director of well-known educational publishing house. Starting salary £330. Shorthand-typing and previous commercial experience essential. Box 7297.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited from men and women for two posts of Educational Psychologist (to work under the direction of the Senior Educational Psychologist). The duties will be reference of children to the existing clinical facilities, acting as liaison officers between clinics, schools and the Council's inspectorate and administrative staff, general advisory work on organisation and method for classes for backward and maladjusted children, and such other duties as may be required. The Council's special schools will provide an important field of activity. An Honours Degree in Psychology is desirable, and training and experience (particularly in teaching) are essential. Salary scale £600×£30—£780×£35—£850 a year. In exceptional circumstances appointments above the minimum may be made. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2), the County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) should be returned not later than June 21, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (721)

ETHELM House, Cornwall Road, Waterloo, London. This Social Centre is about to appoint a Resident Warden and Club Leader (to be mainly responsible for the youth work) and an Assistant, and is open to receive applications from: (a) a married man (in which case an assistant would also be appointed). (b) A married couple or two women friends to fill both positions. The salaries would be £400-£450 p.a. plus flat in case (a) or £600-£650 p.a. plus flat in case (b). Previous experience essential. Applications in writing to the Hon. Sec., c/o Rev. E. Rhys, 9 York Rd. S.E.1.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1950, to an Assistant Lectureship in Political Science. Salary scale £450-£550 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than June 26, 1950, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for a number of research posts in the Salary Scale £300-£10-£300 and £300-£10-£400. All applicants must have good educational qualifications and be competent shorthand-typists. The main duties of the persons appointed will be to act as secretaries to one or more of the Professors or Heads of Studies. The scale of pay and commencing salary will depend upon academic qualifications and previous experience. The post will be superannuable. Application forms and further information can be obtained—stamped addressed envelope to be enclosed—from the Assistant Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. The last date for the receipt of completed applications is June 17, 1950.

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Cheriton Children's Home, Cheriton, Folkestone. Applications are invited for the following posts at the Cheriton Cottage Homes:—Superintendent in the Salary £250

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

LADY desires post as assistant cook or domestic worker at school, where son of 5 can receive education. Can drive car. Cornwall, Devon or Somerset preferred. Box 6696.

WIDOW, with son 8, fond of home life, preferably country near town, secretarial experience, car-driver, wide interests, desires post as housekeeper, preferably to widower with family. Box 6718.

NEW Zealander in London, writing book, requires work; urgent. Experienced reader, reviewer. Any employment considered. Salary secondary. Box 6735.

YOUNG journalist, 4 yrs. exper. as critic; extensive knowledge films, theatre, mod. lit., requires reviewing or editorial work or job as publisher's reader. Box 6738.

OXFORD student. Modern Greats, Finals this June, seeks job, July-September, London. Box 6918.

DESPERATE for job, young man, 25, ex-service, refined, artistic ability. Anything considered. Lee Green 4902. Box 6527.

TWO young women graduates, country-lovers, seek occupations. Can cope with kitchen stove, housekeeping, children, car, garden, farming, hotel work, interior decoration; Art, French and Italian. Box 6543.

GENTLEMAN (31). Public School, ex-Officer, with initiative, seeks position of trust to professional man, Hotel Receptionist/similar. Good appearance and address. Highest refs. Knowledge of Italian. Widely travelled. Box A.R. 272, 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1.

GENTLEMAN, 28, educated and travelled, seeks post requiring intelligence, mobility and social conscience. Pay of less importance. Experience of tea-hing, drama, writing, clerical work. E. Laban, 59 Lancashire St., Leicester.

## BURSARIES

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Director of Studies, J. K. Eastham, B.Sc., Econ., F.S.S. Entrance Bursaries, 1950-51. Entrance Bursaries up to the value of £100 per annum are offered to students intending to pursue a three-year course for the London University Degrees of B.Sc. (Economics) or B.Com., at the School of Economics, Dundee. The School offers to persons with the appropriate qualifications courses of instruction for the following Degrees and Diplomas: External Degree of B.Sc. (Econ.), London, with Honours in Economics or Economic History. External Degree of B.Com., London, specialising in Group C—Industry. Post-Graduate Diploma of the School (for graduates in subjects other than Economics). Diploma in Commerce of the School. Full particulars on application to Geo. S. Brown, Secretary, 17 Bell St., Dundee.

## WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Vegans welcome. Anne Horner and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 508.

DEVON. Gd. accom. Finest posn. Min. sea. Gd. cen. Rec. Fontenoy, Combe Martin.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, offers a holiday with excellent home-produced food, first-class comfort and secluded gardens in beautiful country unsurpassed for walking or riding. Easy access South Coast and London. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

DEVON. Ayshford House, Sampford Peverell, Nr. Tiverton. Easy access either coast. Quiet holiday private house S. aspect. Gdn., orchards. Max. 4 guests. Own sitty. rm.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331061.

A FEW vacancies in delightful country Guest House. Bus route, mile station. Comfortable beds & excellent food. 5gns. "Cluths," Lower Bourne, Farnham. (Frensham 293.)

OSTEND, Hotel de la Paix, 18, r. Longue; H. & C., 19s. p. day incl. No extras.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

RIVIERA sun, blue skies, sandy beach, lovely country. Perfect cuisine. 21s. daily June and October. Alizes Hotel, Cavalaire sur Mer, Var. France.

COMF. accom. for 2. Dble. room, twin beds. Fri. supper—Mon. breakfast, £5. 19 Somerville Gdns., Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

SUMMER holidays: Modernised cottage Devon village. Good cooking, hot baths. Lovely walking or driving country, between Totnes and Newton Abbott. Vacancies Aug. & Sept. Terms, five guineas weekly. Box 6640.

CROWHURST Park Hotel, Battle, Sussex, 50 miles from London, 4 miles Hastings. Lovely country and sea. The hotel with a big reputation for very good food and friendliness. All our guests return and send others. Write for illustrated brochure. From 7gns. Battle 369.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 6104.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CONWAY, Mountain & sea holiday. Apply tariff: Michael, Bryn Dinas, Woodlands.

KING'S Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Charming unspoilted 200 years' old fully lic. coaching inn. Every mod. amenity and comfort. Plenty good food. Exc. centre yachting, fishing; grand coast and lovely country. 6/9 gns. Stables opposite. Tel. 202411.

SOUTH Devon, best coast line 2 miles from Dour valley. Modernised accommodation. A. Perry, Gara Mill, Slapton.

ST. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel. Riding holidays in Sussex beauty spot. Charming XII Century house. Own produce and stables. Brochure on application. Tel. Arundel 3114.

GLORIOUS North Devon, Hartland Moor, Woolacombe. Best position & high reputation. Children welcome. Good Devonshire food & farm produce. Write brochure. Tel. 57. Vacancies June, July, & September.

CORNWALL. "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 275.)

GOLFERS. Holiday or week-end. Corners, Copthorne, Sussex, address very quiet course, ideal for beginners or nervous players. Quaint house, 3 acres of secluded walled grounds; you will like the cooking. Comfy beds. 5gns. Loder, Copthorne 261.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

CAPEL Curig. Guest house with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. All conveniences, finely situated on Conwen Rd. Good centre for hols. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

ALPINE Hotel Klausen, Unterschachen, Switzerland, offers splendid holidays in a most romantic mountain surrounding. Price per day: 12 Swiss francs. Family arrangements.

ITALY: When in Rome, stay at Pensione Lampi, 61 Via Margutta. Central, quiet position, excellent food, moderate prices.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-7gns. (winter terms 3½-5gns.), June—all rooms 5gns. 'Phone Hastings 3110.

SWITZERLAND. Guests received by young couple in large, comfortable & delightfully situated Chalet in sunny Alpine resort. Wonderful view. Swimming, tennis, riding, climbing, fishing. Winter sports. Low terms. Illustrated brochure. C. B. Wilmot-Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Château-d'Oex.

SOUTH Devon. Homely holiday accom. full bd. 10 min. sea, nr. buses. Mod. charges. Read, 5 Easton Terrace, Sidmouth, Devon.

HOTEL Lerchenhof, Mieders, Stubai, Tirol, Austria. 40 minutes by bus from Innsbruck: big garden, excel. cuisine, swimming pool in the village, beautiful Alpine scenery. Pension terms incl. service, Austr. Sch. 44.-, September, Austr. Sch. 38.- per day.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at Queensbury Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board, 5gns. from June. Brighton 2315581.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4½gns. p.w. Vacancies June, July, September. Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augustus Gardens. Phone 2952.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Directly facing sea; good substantial fare; personal supervision. A.A. recommended.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accommodation and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. per week. Robertsbridge 148.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Widworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 4½/5gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saindean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

BOGNOR (Pier View, Steyne), full board residence, hot and cold water, every comfort & convenience. Children welcome, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

IN the Heart of Lovely Lammermuirs, Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns, yet only 32 mls. from Edinburgh. Home produce. Excell. ckg. H. & C. in bedrms. 3,000-vol. library. 2 trout streams. Children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FRENCH Riviera. Lovely beach at Nice, Cannes, Menton, Roquebrune, Bandol—232. 6d. per day full board any time of year. To book, apply: Cosmours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel.: MUS. 1499.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." 'Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 66421-8.

WALTON-on-Naze for the ideal holiday. Bed, breakfast, £2 5s.; with high tea 53 gns. Vacancies June-Sept. Modern amenities. Near sea. "Avonell," 5 High Street.

HANOVER Hotel, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Board residence. Mod. terms. Tel. 933.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor overlooking Camel Estuary. Easy reach golfing, surfing, boating. Produce from own farm. 4½ to 7gns. Write for brochure M.

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Gateridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

FRENCH Riviera. Hotel-Pension Westminster, Cap-Martin, Roquebrune, near Monte Carlo: seaside, private beach, garden, comfort, moderate terms.

PYRENEES: Franco-British family seeks friendly guests in private country house nr. Pau and mountains. Write: Mlle. Dannatt, Château Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

FORGET your troubles and stay at The Manor, Duddleswell, Ashdown Forest. 'Phone Nutley 2.

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & only half as far." Especially May to July. Lovely beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath, golf St. Enodoc. Fishing. 15 acres grounds. Farm produce. Interior-sprung mattresses. Trethurrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmmdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

BROCKHAMPTON Court Hotel, S. Herefordshire. Beautiful country mansion in the Wye Valley. Ideal centre for touring. Excellent food and wines. Riding holidays. Fishing. Illus. brochure. 'Phone: Howcaple 239.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1. MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 53 Oxford Street, W.1. GER. 4753 (opposite Francati) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4826. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

A PLEASANT residential hotel for business people. Garage. Tennis court, billiards, table tennis. Terms from £3 13s. 6d. partial board, full Sundays. 45/3 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. 'Phone HAM. 6516.

FURN. grd. flr. bed-sit. in private house. Bath, service, bkfst., by arrangement. 96 Kensington Church St., W.8. BAY. 5915.

TWO rooms to let in quiet garden flat, St. John's Wood, 5gns. per week, service, etc., by arrangement. Box 6802.

TO let: July 29-Sept. 2. Furn. rm., kit., bath., gdn., tel., N.W.3. Box 6843.

LINK Guest House, Stanmore, 30 min. West End. Terms from 4gns. wkly. A few vacancies immed. available. 'Phone Grimsdyke 284.

CARAVAN: modern 3-berth "Countess" in country garden, 20 miles North London. Available July, Sept., from 5gns. Nazeing 2179.

FURNISHED cottage N. Devon by good beach. Vacant June & July for short lets. Box 6585.

SNOWDONIA. Nant Francon. Cottage (3 bedrooms) to let furnished. Ideal walking, climbing holidays. 5gns. week August, other months 4gns. Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11.

IVINGHOE, Chilterns Hills. Furn. 2 bedrm. hse., all mod. conv., to let, July on. 4gns. per week. Box 6694.

LAKES. High House, Kentmere. To let, furnished, 6gns. week, accom. 6. Apply Walshaw, 29 Fairview Rd., Birkenhead.

FLAT, self-contained, garden or 1st floor, W. or N. London, wanted in exchange for 3rd floor Key flat, 4 rooms, kitchen and bathroom, W.9. Box 7430.

ARTIST with comfortable forty-foot motor/sail boat, 2 cabins, central heating, small piano, at present at Lyons, wishes exchange/part-exchange for uniform 2-roomed flat anywhere Central London. Box 7259.

HARVARD teacher and wife seek small furn. flat or house in/near London, Sept. 1-April 1, 1951, or Sept. only. H. H. Eckstein, 18 Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

2 QUIET ladies (30) require flat, pref. unfurn., London, up to £150. Box 6684.

SEC. reqs. partial board in friendly cultured household. Full meals week-ends. £3 10s. Within reach Bakerloo. Box 6693.

HAS no one an unfurnished flat for young, intelligent, enterprising professional couple? N. London preferred. Box 6689.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

URGENTLY reqd. (or journalist about to be married, unfurn. flat London. Willing to "sit in." Kopel, 17 Brookfield Park, N.W.5.

INDIAN Foreign Service probationer desires flat in London, July 1-Sept. 1. 1 or 2 bedrms. Mitra, Univ. College, Oxford.

AUTHOR & wife require furnished house, bungalow, cottage, flat, anywhere Oxon, Bucks, Herts, Devon, Som., Dorset, Hants, Wilts, Glos. Year or longer. Box 7302.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BOGNOR Regis: Private Hotel just off sea front. Well fitted and fully furn. 11 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, domestic quarters. In market due to ill-health. Excellent order. £7,000 freehold, furniture and goodwill. Sole agents, Reynolds & Co. (Pharmacists) Ltd., High St., Bognor Regis. 'Phone 745.

EIRE. 4-roomed seaside cottage to sell. Thomas Keane, Cashleen, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

OPPORTUNITY. Detached Regency house standing in large garden—southern aspect—fine views; for sale, with vacant possession if desired. Three floors, each self-contained; recently redecorated; situated five miles south of Charing Cross; c.h.w.; garage. Suitable flats, private dwelling, or small institution. £5,500. Write Box 6337.

FIVE-roomed cottage & 3-acre croft with added hill-grazing at Point of Sleat, Isle of Skye. Magnificent views, sandy beach and good harbour close by. £550. Box 6608.

ATTRACTIVE small property between Rye and Hastings. Cedarwood cottage; 2 bedrooms, lounge, kitchen, bathroom. 6½ acres including 2 acres apples. Near bus route. £3,000 or near offer. Box 6662.

NEW Zealand, Auckland. Spacious house in best residential area. Remuera, Auckland, ½-acre, tennis court, orchard, six bedrooms, two bathrooms, large living-rooms, extensive balconies. Price includes carpets and blinds. £8,000. Box 7015.

## SCHOOLS

CHILDREN from 3-11 years have a really happy home life with first-class teaching at St. Nicholas School, Earley, Reading. Reasonable fees, complete charge during the holidays. Apply Miss Sheldon, N.F.U.

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 8 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla 0489.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed. boarding; all ages. Overlg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SMALL group of weekly boarders, St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3, now full, but transport arranged for weekly boarders at Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby (ages 4-10).

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

## MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., for people of all nationalities; all ages, all interests. Full or short term members (fees £3 12s. 6d. to 10s.). Lectures, debates, brains trusts, language groups, art circle, music circle, dramatic group, dances, table tennis, foreign tours, sport, rambles, etc. Club Centre, Marble Arch. Details: 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 5083.

1,000,000 Shillings Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 53 Maddox St., London, W.1.

CALL, write or 'phone: Fibred Records, New Telefunken, Anthologie Sonore, and other Foreign Labels. Lists publ. regularly. Ivor Finlay, 164 Hanbury St., nr. Aldgate, London, E.1. BIS. 5219, 10-6. 10-2 Sundays.

BLITZ your Bookshelves. Books of all kinds welcomed by The Royal Alexandra and Albert School, who can turn them into money to help feed and clothe their 400 parentless children. Parcels to 40 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

CARAVAN bargain. 1950 model, proprietary, 16ft., four sprung berths, two compartments. End kitchen; all gas; equipped. New, £290, free delivery arranged. BM/AMHB, London, W.C.1.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark, BCM/MONO12, W.C.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns. Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

## ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Macbeth." Members.

FORTUNE, Drury Lane, evgs., 7.30. Mats. Tu., Fri., 2.30. Elizabeth Allan & Walter Crisham in "How I Wonder" (Comedy).

UNITY. "Hell is What You Make It." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Last 2 weeks. BUS. 5391. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d.

"CAROUSEL"—special performance of the All-American musical successor to "Oklahoma" at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Tues. evening, June 13. Tickets 5s., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. and upwards, from M. Fairmont, 12 Fairholt Rd., N.16. (Stu. 2618.)

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., June 11th, 7.30: "Gigi" (French) (A).

ASIAN Inst., Irving St., Leics. Sq. "Song of Ceylon," Thursday, June 29. Mems. & guests. Assoc. membship. 5s. WHI. 3678.

BACH Organ Works. Thurs., June 15-July 20, Fri., July 28, 6.30, Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone (opp. Gt. Portland St. Stn.).

POLISH and Czech Music: presented by the Polish Cultural Institute at the Wigmore Hall, June 12, at 7 p.m., with the well-known Polish violinist Eugenia Uminska—at the piano, Ivor Newton. Tickets from Wigmore Hall and usual agents.

ORIANA Madrigal Society. Conductor: Charles Kennedy Scott. Wigmore Hall. Tues., June 13, at 7. Madrigals, Ayres, Ballets, Motets; Part Songs, &c., by Archadelt, De Pres, Dowland, Janequin, Morley, Bax, Milford, Vaughan Williams, &c. Unaccompanied Folk Songs: Cecil Cope. 9s., 6s., 3s., from the Hall (Wel. 2141), or Eric Whittemore, 21 North-side, S.W.4.

THE Dorian Singers, Conductor Matyas Seiber, assisted by Alan Rowe, organ, in a concert of music by Palestrina, Di Lasso, Victoria, Parsons, Scheidt, Schütz, Schein, Sweelinck, De Cabezon, Erbach, De Soto, & Da Modena, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, June 15, 1950, at 7.30 p.m.

AUSTRIAN "Heurigen" and Midsummer Dance, June 24. Tkts., including coach transport, buffet & dance, 12s. 6d. Full details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7.

DANCE. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Sat., June 17, 7.15-11.

## EXHIBITIONS

"JAMES Joyce: His Life and Work." Exhib. of MSS., portraits, books, etc. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. 10-6 (not Suns.), June 14-July 1. 1s. 6d. mems. free. Private view & opening by T. S. Eliot, 8.30 p.m. June 13. Refreshments. Tkts. 10s. 6d. I.C.A. mems. 7s. 6d.

THE Italian Contemporary Art Book Exhibition: at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1; Tel. SLO. 0453), from June 7 to July 15, 1950. Week-days only, Saturdays inclusive, 10-6 (Tuesdays & Fridays, 10-7). Admittance free. Catalogue 1s., free for members of the Italian Institute.

ANGLO-ISRAEL Assocn., 13 Mansfield St., W.1. "Scenes of Israel": an Exhibition of paintings by Ludwig Schwerin. Open from June 16 to June 23, from 3 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. The Israel Charge d'Affaires will open Exhibition on Fri. June 16 at 3 p.m. Invitations obtainable from The Anglo-Israel Assocn. Exhibition will be closed on Sat. and Sunday.

BERTHE Morisot, Arts Council exhibition of Paintings and Drawings. Matthieson Gallery, 142 New Bond St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Fri., 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Francisco Otta. May 30-June 17.

KANDINSKY Retrospective; also Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Cloth Cuts by Joan Jordan and Paintings by Beatrice Johnson, 9-6 daily (inc. Sats) until June 24. Adm. free.

ARCADE Gallery. The Art of Mannerism. Ital. & Flem. pictures from 1520-1620. June, 1950. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Collection of Paintings by Asian Artists. Until June 17.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Bonnard.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards, Gouaches by Bryan Wynter and Watercolours by Kenneth Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Degas Paintings, Sculpture, Pastels. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

CHRISTIAN Berard, Paintings and decors. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Adm. 1s.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. Including works by the late Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., 10-5. Adm. 1s.

SIX Places in Search of an Artist. Exhibition of decorative schemes presented by Hampstead Artists Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. June 4-July 2, 12 noon to 7 p.m. daily and Sundays. Adm. 6d.

THE Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Kahana. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Open until June 30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Prints by Renato Guttuso. Prints & Pottery by Catherine Yarrow. Until July 1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

"BRITISH Empire Timbers" for Contemporary Furniture at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society. Meeting and Concert, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Friday, June 16, at 7.30 p.m. "Eye-Witness Report on Poland," by Gordon Schaffer. Chairman: William Pearson (Secy. Nat. Union of Mineworkers, Scottish Area). Music Recital: Andrzej Bielecki, tenor; Adela Kotowska, pianist. Tickets: 6d. from B.P.F.S., 81 Portland Place W.1, or at door.

YUGOSLAVIA—The Truth. Mr. K. Zilliacus will speak on "Yugoslavia and the Cold War," at Kingsway Hall, Thursday, June 15, 7.30 p.m. Tickets (free) at the door or from British-Yugoslav Friendship Society, Hon. Secretary, Margaret Shufeldt, 2a Baydon Court, Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "Private Enterprise or Socialist Planning in Production": Debate between Anthony Fell & Pat Sloan. Thurs. June 15 at 7.30 p.m. at Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

CHRISTIANS and the Atom bomb. A Discussion-meeting to be opened by the Revd. Stanley Evans at St. George the Martyr Parish Hall, Queen Sq., Southampton Row, W.C.1, at 8 p.m., on Monday, June 12. To be preceded by a service in Church at 7.15 p.m. Address by Revd. Dr. Bryn Thomas.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Socy., 81 Portland Place, W.1 (LAN. 6594): "Holidays in Poland," an illustrated talk, Spkr., Dr. S. Osiakowski, Fri. June 9 at 7.45 p.m. All welcome. Refreshments.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., June 14, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Royal Commission Report on Building: "Where do we go from here?": R. Coppock, Gen. Sec., Nat. Federation of Bldg. Trades Operatives. 1s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. June 11: Hamilton Fyfe, "The Unsolved Mystery of Man." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. June 11: The Creative Will.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 17, 6 p.m. R. F. Frankell: "Humour, Humor, l'humour in Music."

SHAW Soc. welcomes you, 57 Dean St., W.1, June 30, 6.45 p.m. Non-mems. 1s. Full details (rambles, discussions, etc.): 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, June 13, 7.30 p.m. Leonard Cassini, well-known pianist: "Some Impressions of the Prague Spring Music Festival, 1950." Chair: Bernard Stevens. All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group (Psychology Section). Robert George Miles on "Discovering the Roots of Personality," Tues., June 13, 7.15, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 15, 7.30: Immortality. At 180 Aldersgate (near St. Paul's Tube), Mondays, 7.30: Raja Yoga.

LUNCH-Hour Talks on Yoga. Tuesdays 1 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. June 13: From the Unreal to the Real. June 20: Meditation. June 27: Yoga—A Survey.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, Royal Crescent, W.11. SLO. 1040. BAY. 2093. Full stage training. Stanislavsky Method. Day and evening classes. Apply: Secretary.

## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

INSTITUTE of Public Administration. Week-end Conference at Leicester from June 23 to 25, "An Others See Us." T. H. Kewley on "The Public Corporation in Great Britain"; J. E. Hodgetts on "The United Kingdom Civil Service"; A. T. Dorson on "English Local Government." Fees (inclusive of accommodation and all meals): members £2 7s. 6d., non-members £2 15s. 6d. Applications to: The Director, I.P.A., 76a New Cavendish St., W.1.

EIGHT-Day Course for String Teachers, August 9-17, 1950, at "Templeton," Priory Lane, Bletchingdon, Oxon. Teachers: Gertrude Collins, Mary Ibbertson, Christopher le Fleming, Arthur Trew. Conducting, violin and cello class method, orchestral playing. Details: Rural Music Schools Association, 109 Bancroft, Hitchin.

CIVIL Service Examinations. (Admin., Spec. Departmental & Exec. grades). Expert preparation by tutorials & discussion groups. Special intensive course June 20-30. Also individual tuition for other examinations, and secretarial training courses. Apply Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. WES. 6564.

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FRENCH, German, Italian or Spanish one-year courses for beginners and all grades commencing in Sept. Vacancies now available for the most intensive linguistic training in daily Classes. Write for Prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss F. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd. Bedford.

## SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. July 29-August 5. Centre Culturel International de Royaumont. (Near Paris.) "Our Western Heritage." Director: Ian Mikardo, M.P. Lectures (in English) by several prominent French Socialists. Charges, including fare, £24 10s.—£28 10s.; non-members £2 extra. July 29-August 5. Courteenhall House, Roade, Northants. "Labour in Britain and the United States." Director: Arthur Skeffington. August 12-19: Glyn Hose, Y.H.C.A. College, Bromsgrove. "What is Socialism?" Director: G. D. H. Cole. Few vacancies. August 19-26: Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey. "Labour's Appeal." Director: John Parker, M.P. Charges for Schools in England, £6 to £6 10s. Non-members 10s. to £1 extra. Details: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ST. IVES Summer School, sessions in period July 15-September 16, combining holidays in country house on cliffs with informal lectures by authorities in the arts, politics, drama, etc. (W. E. Arnold-Foster, Leonard Fuller, F. E. Halliday, David Leach, Guido Morris, Morton Nance, & ors.). Large garden, home produce, limited numbers, incl. charge. Write Fern Hill, Carbis Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall.

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## SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. Summer School on Social Work and Social Research to be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from July 8-15 for social workers and others interested in the techniques of social research. Inclusive cost seven guineas. Application forms from: Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont St., Oxford.

ATTINGHAM Park Adult College. A centre running short courses to meet many interests. Programme of Summer Schools now available, including "Planning Your Home"; Good Taste & Design on Limited Means. A holiday with a purpose in a Shropshire country house, from August 8-14. Charge: £4 4s. Enquiries: Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury.

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INTERNATIONAL Federalist Summer School, Hastings, July 1-8. Inclusive fee £6. Lecturers include H. Usborne, M.P., Prof. Shillan, Dr. Joseph Mitchell, Pull parties. W.S.F., 20 Buckingham St., London, W.C.2.

SUMMER holidays in France. International Course (ages 13-18) near sea & Pyrenees—1 or 2 months, July-Sept. Tuition, sports, excursions. Transfer of funds granted by B. of E. Apply: Paris English College, Paris 7.

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